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Baden-Baden, Queen of the Schwarzwald

LEGENDARY GERMANY
OBERAMMERGAU
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BAYREUTH

890

By REGINA JAIS

Illustrated by photographs

SECOND EDITION

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To
JACOB DAVID JAIS
My Pal
In Life's Legendary Wanderings

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LEGENDARY GERMANY OBERAMMERGAU AND BAYREUTH

LEGENDARY GERMANY

I

COLOGNE AND CATHEDRAL SPIRES

"TRÄGER! *Träger! Träger!*" It was the first German word we heard as the comfortable continental train slowly crept into the station of Cologne. An interesting ride and convenient train, notices printed in French, Flemish, German and English to warn passengers of as many nationalities, and a goodly number of Americans, against smoking and leaning out of windows. Crossing borders from France into Belgium and Germany the Customs formalities had been simple and lenient, giving time aplenty and encouraging a mood to enjoy the changed scene.

Cologne at last! Everywhere about us car windows were thrown open, and excited voices calling out "*Träger! Träger!*" Ours joined the general chorus. Soon we had annexed one of the strong porters, who thought nothing of slinging twelve cases onto a thick leather strap hitched across his shoulders.

"We want to go to a good hotel," I began in German.

"Certainly," said our *Gepäckträger* in perfect English, "I will take you!"

We followed the *Träger* under a huge railway arch and along a cobbled alley, making our way among a crowd of tourists, Germans, Europeans, Americans. This warm, sunshiny afternoon the *Hausfrau* of Cologne was apt to stand in the doorway of her house, mopping her brow and fanning up any possible breeze with a white apron, while the streets were full of bareheaded German *Herren*. Most men in Cologne had succumbed to the heat and shaved their heads. Soon we became used to the sight of hatless citizens, old men and mere schoolboys alike, equally comfortable.

The hotel seemed a cool, restful, shadowy place after the glare of summer sun. Long, blue-carpeted halls, smiling chambermaids with old-fashioned white caps and long streamers. The rose season, blossoming out in rows of yellow blooms, which were everywhere in pleasing profusion, so that the whole place gave a fragrant and refreshing welcome after our long journey.

Out into the old squares, where afternoon was slowly settling into twilight and the sun was sending a glow over medieval towers and buildings of a very

picturesque town. Street cars, crowded, carried home workers, and long lines of boys and girls briskly trudged up the twisted streets, arm in arm. At every corner stood a smart-looking, black-helmeted policeman, whose alert movements and precise salutes reminded one of years of training.

Little restaurants around the central square, the Domhof, were beginning to look crowded; hurrying waiters passed to and fro behind the windows; everything seemed quick and bright and up-to-the-minute.

Ah! The Cathedral! Close to the heart of Cologne and an art-loving world, two spires rose, towering gracefully into a rose-flushed sky. Up the steps and, for a breath-taking moment, into the quiet, inspiring immensity intensified by a vaulting incredibly high; dull lights here and there increasing the effect of soothing shadow. Somewhere in the dimness an organ was sounding, echoing along the stately aisles, the music in some strange way painting the story of the Cathedral's long and troublous history and the endless watch it has held over this Rhine city and country. Figures passed in and out, rested for a few moments, were lost again. We felt infinitesimal.

As we came out to the square music was sounding from a hundred restaurants. In one of these we found a homey-looking table, where we could dine while watching other happy folk saunter up and

down the Hohenstrasse. Seated and dining here, almost every nationality in Europe seemed represented; numbers of Americans; many prosperous-looking Germans. Thus we discovered how popular a holiday spot is Cologne; soon we were to add the fact that Continentals never seem to tire of wandering along Rhine roads or lazying away an hour or two on one of the Rhine steamers that float comfortably backward and forward eternally through the history, legend and romance of this beautiful section.

Walking into the night again, following strains of music, we took the hilly way leading down to the river. A wonderful sight—lighted bridges, brilliant city, strange, shadowy outlines of old gables and fortifications! Walls and ditches of the middle ages have been turned into a long, four-mile walk, a favorite boulevard on cool summer evenings. Close to the dark, blue ribbon that is the Rhine, with its shafts of brilliant lights from passing steamers, we found a real garden with old, lantern-hung trees. An orchestra was playing Rhine folk songs, accompanying a stirring chorus of men's voices. So infectious was the night, so inspiring the ancient river, we found ourselves joining, too, these songs that kept green the memory of days when Cologne was all a city of gables and turrets, a *heilige Stadt,* a sanctuary.

Steins of beer went the rounds many times—for in Germany a thirst is commendable—Rhine wines, too, being quaffed from tall glasses. Leaving the murmuring Rhine, beer and wine and music at last, we climbed up from the river front to the hotel, tired but happy. Comfortable German feather beds billowed around us, the romances of a great old city and a wonderful river, legends, music, cathedrals, all became pleasantly mixed and faded into the peace of sleep.

A proud old place is Cologne, dignified its narrow streets. Even its shops are quiet and the finest merchandise is perhaps the more tempting because so unostentatiously displayed. Here were wines, there porcelains, yonder beautifully wrought metal work, such as for generations have brought Cologne fame. Her most fragrant and popular product, *Kölnisches Wasser,* first manufactured here, so legend tells us, because the Rhine water at this point is so very pure! The original 4711 shop faces the Cathedral, with famous trade mark adorning its green bottles. Charming German salesgirls who speak English and several other languages find willing customers for fragrant soaps and powders and, always, the cologne that is known through the world. You test perfumes. You hesitate between *Blumen eau de cologne, Maiglöckchen* or *Veilchen.* Visions of fields and fields of

sweet-smelling flowers pass before you. Springtime on the Rhine, bottled for use the whole year round, is here. Convenient notices spread round tell just how much the hard-hearted officials of your particular country allow duty free. You buy; add a few extra trinkets and engravings of the great Cathedral; hope for the best at the home pier; and wander out to dream of *Maiglöckchen* and *Veilchen*.

Cologne has had a long and varied career; its history ever eventful because of the strategic position the city holds in the Rhine Valley. During dim days before the Christian era, pagan tribes formed little settlements along the river banks. Franks and Visigoths camped nearby, to be ousted by Roman hordes that poured their legions over Europe, sweeping northward through the wide valley of the Rhine. A famous Roman lady, Agrippina, happened thus to be born here. Her husband Claudius later recognized the fact by naming the Roman colony, established in 51 A. D., Colonia Agrippina, and later centuries transmuted the name to Köln in German, Cologne in French and English. Agrippina, by the way, has another claim to remembrance. She was the mother of Emperor Nero.

During the middle ages great argosies carried the wealth of Italy and the East, huge bales of silk, great barrels of spices, northward along the Rhine, so that Cologne became a wealthy and influential

Cologne-on-the-Rhine

town. She established herself as a centre for wine merchants and metal workers. Her cloth merchants were so prosperous that they were able to set up a branch in London in the eleventh century, and built a most successful circle here around the Guild Hall. As happened so often with these medieval cities, religious conflicts tore down the apparently sure walls of prosperity. The hand of the city fell heavily in the fifteenth century on the successful Jewish traders, who, when they left, took much of Cologne's commercial prestige with them. Later the city excommunicated many wealthy Protestant families, who again carried their wealth to the surrounding districts.

One morning my Pal and I and two interesting young American music students, who had claimed us as fellow countrymen, strolled along the old streets of the city to the Severin Gate on the south side, one of the four old gates that have been turned into interesting museums to hold ancient geological specimens and antiques from all over Europe. Charles, the younger of the two boys, was walking ahead with me and soon started a brisk discussion on ancient and modern music and particularly what the moderns have to offer.

"That is all very well," I said, "anywhere else but in this old Rhine Valley with its eternal Wagnerian

echoes. You yourself are on your way to the shrine of the greatest musician of all time at Bonn!"

"But everything must sweep on; just look how this old town has changed, even the churches and the Cathedral that took six hundred years to build!"

The musical discussion had to end, for the other two, Charles' friend, Martin, and my Pal, caught us just as we reached the steps of the splendid Cathedral that was begun in 1248 and finished in 1880, with gaps of a hundred years and more in the work. When it was eventually completed it stood in sublime majesty, one of the greatest Gothic churches in all the world, dedicated in the presence of Emperor William I of Germany and a host of princes and barons. Amidst scenes of pomp and grandeur, the labor of hundreds of years was ended!

We stood here gazing at the massive stone arches, the symmetrical towers soaring up over the Rhine for five hundred feet, about the length of the Cathedral itself. Above the transept Gothic gables, carven gargoyles, buttresses and fretwork. Inside, a wealth of stained glass windows. There were many visitors this morning and a long line of little school children walking hand in hand, while their flaxen-haired teacher described the shrines and carvings. In the half light the crimson robes of church officials in charge of various parties glowed richly. Charles found one of these and was soon deep in conversa-

tion, through which sounded the chiming of the Kaiserglocke, the heaviest bell in the church, turning the scale at five hundred and forty-three hundred-weight. This bell was cast in 1874 from the metal of captured French guns, so its chiming was arresting in a valley that later was to be occupied again by French troops.

The red-gowned official was a congenial guide, taking us down to the Choir, where the heart of Marie de Medici lies buried. In the adjoining side chapels are monuments to the various archbishops of Cologne. On we went to the shrine of the three kings, Caspar, Melchior and Balthazar, the Wise Men of the East, who bore their frankincense and myrrh and rich treasures to Bethlehem. An old legend tells how the Emperor Frederick Barbarossa brought their remains from Milan in 1162, though how they ever arrived in Italy is shrouded in mystery! After their interment in Cologne Cathedral pilgrimages from all over the Christian world were made here, and so great is the faith of mankind that numberless healings followed visits to the wise men's bones!

Even more interesting are the old legends connected with the building of the church. Almost three hundred years before the searching eye of that old rover, Columbus, glanced over the fair outline of America, an architect was walking along the

banks of the Rhine at Cologne, deeply engrossed in disturbing thought. He had a scheme, a great scheme, to build a mighty church overlooking the river on the site of a still older ninth century chapel, that had been destroyed by the Normans. His ideas had been accepted by the powers that were, but somehow his plans would not work out; so the poor young man struggled along, pondering and seeking inspiration from the long stretch of Rhine and green, distant hills. The stage was set, the time was ripe, when as always happened in the best medieval legends, Satan appeared with a mighty good plan, which he was willing to sell in return for a human soul.

"Ah, dear Sir," said the bewildered architect, "a night to think it over!"

"So be it," said Satan, "but no longer."

Thereupon our bold young man hurried to the cell of a wily priest to ask his advice. Said he cunningly:

"When Satan appears, take the plans and while you talk just glimpse the main points—then reject it!"

The schemes the medieval peasants worked out to beat the Devil at his own game make fine reading, and afford an interesting sidelight, incidentally, on the morals of the time!

Things fell out as expected, the architect follow-

Cologne: Rhine Bridge and Exposition Grounds, from a Niche of the Cathedral

ing the advice of his cunning priest. Satan, foiled, screamed:

"You have cheated me! But this thought shall haunt your days, your whole life until your dying day—though the church will be completed and the world will sing its praises, none shall speak your name!"

Which, I think, was not so very unfair a bargain. The name of the architect is wrapped in mystery and, whether he used Satan's plans or not, the beautiful Cathedral is a worthy sanctuary of a great faith.

From the Cathedral to Cologne's other interesting churches we went: St. Peter's with its fine old altarpiece by Rubens and St. Ursula's where the sacred bones of the saint are buried together with the remains of eleven thousand English virgins who were massacred outside Cologne, when they were on their way to pay their respects to the Pope in Rome.

The old Rathaus begs you to come in for a moment to see the thirteenth-century Gobelin tapestries and the arms of famous trade guilds of the middle ages. On the walls are the crests of the imperial German families and the old patricians of Cologne. Nearby is the banqueting hall, the fifteenth-century Gurzenich, where the Diets of the Holy Roman Empire were held for years. The ground floor was turned into a modern Stock Ex-

change, while the upper halls are still used for public festivals and concerts.

Strolling out to little streets of the older section, poking into gabled shops, ornamented with carved beams on which old dates were marked. Down narrow streets where balconies were hung with many flower boxes and quaint iron signs proclaimed the trade of the householder. Into a charming square, brilliant with flowers, piled high on stalls and carts. It was most interesting to watch the populace as we tried to catch the atmosphere of this old town and take it back in tangible mental form.

Then, with expectancy, we were at the quay and joining the gathering throngs, claiming tickets for the Rhine journey. Up the Rhine and a world of romance! We could halt wherever we wished in the trails of old legends, almost could live them again.

Before us was the Rhine sweeping northward to the sea, busy in her journey of commerce below Cologne. Further up she flows through the lands of legend and song from her birthplace in the heart of an Alpine glacier. Here your fancy wanders through the pages of olden myths.

We were soon wending our way back through a little park overlooking the Rhine. Here, sitting on a wooden bench, was an old lady in a voluminous grayish black dress, one hand in a cotton glove clutching a string bag and the other a boat ticket

to Heidelberg. Her ecstatic expression was one that simply made you halt. I stood and smiled back; her hand shook, her eyes were starry; she too had her ticket for the River of Romance!

"My son has given me this ticket!" The simple fact seemed overwhelming.

I sat down on the bench and the old lady began to tell me of her barren life, which she hadn't known was barren, in a little Westphalian mining village. All her days she had wanted to see the Rhine, to sail down past the Lorelei Rock, to feel the legends of her childhood come true. Yes, now she was seventy-six and the magic sesame was in her hand.

"Fortunate man, this son," I thought, "to offer such a priceless gift."

When we started off next morning the old woman's smile was still with us. I could hear her sighs of joy as the Rhine panorama unfolded. It made all the difference to my own Rhine journey to have met her with this life's vision and promise finally realized.

II

UP THE RHINE TO BONN

THE Rhine steamer Stolzenfels lay at her pier, gradually making ready for the day's journey. Spic and span and graceful as a white bird she looked, with clean paint, bright red and white funnels and freshly washed decks.

We arrived in ample time. Our few handbags were quickly disposed of by a pleasant ship's officer. We presented the long white *Karte* to be stamped as far as Bonn; the first stop that even in a printed list of names on a prosaic ticket danced romantically before our eyes. Then up to the top deck, to secure a comfortable seat at one of many little tables under a brilliant-colored awning, where we could get a splendid view of both river banks. It was a warm day and I wondered whether the blond, bare German heads could stand the strong sun rays all day long. Many had settled in the back of the boat, right out in the full glare of old Sol, so that sun *Kur,* nature *Kur* and beauty *Kur* might work their triple wonders.

Sailing up the Rhine, we chose the smaller, slower

The Siebengebirge, Seen from Rolandseck

steamers, more comfortable as a rule than the one-day fast excursion craft and permitting time for fancy-free romancing over the legends of the glorious old river. As we moved up stream we stood to watch Cologne fade into the purple-gray haze of distance, old bridges, gables, turrets disappearing in turn, and last of all the tall twin spires of the great Cathedral.

The stretch of the Rhine between Cologne and Bonn is rather flat, a wide green valley, with a faint line of distant hills, no castles or romantic ruins. We had time to relax, as did our fellow passengers; there were comparatively few on this part of the journey, so that the decks seemed pleasantly empty. There were well-stocked news stands, where a variety of books and pamphlets on the Rhine were on sale, and colored post cards, that in a magical way seemed to catch the atmosphere of beauty and romance. These stands were always surrounded by chattering little girls with long plaits, eagerly devouring all information, while their smiling elders stood behind discussing the scenery. Real discussions these were, for all along the Rhine tourists pored over long painted green maps, so that no single point of interest, no legend or tale could escape notice and evident enjoyment. It was interesting to see how serious the children were—there were many of them—for these holiday tourists from all parts of Germany infused

even into tiny children a reverence for this historical river of romance. All the way along we were impressed by the quiet dignity of the sightseers; even at night when orchestras played loudly and hundreds of voices sang in unison, there was no rowdiness to mar the enjoyment of romantic dreams.

There is a kind of *Gemütlichkeit,* a "Well, isn't this a glorious spot!" feeling about the Rhine trips; and it doesn't matter whether you speak German or not, some one is always ready with a smile or a suggestion to make the day more interesting for you.

Mentally we are carried over the ocean back to our own Hudson River, perhaps scenically more beautiful than the Rhine, though lacking the historic interest of old castles and legends. The towering skyscrapers of New York look across to Jersey with her Palisades, Orange Mountains and Ramapo Hills. Then unfolds a vision of green, wooded slopes. As we reach the mountainous heights further up near Newburg these shores turn to brilliant golds and reds as autumn trails her gorgeous gown slowly across the landscape. But for today our keenest interest is Germany's Rhine, the river of history, that mirrors the greatest names in Europe on her calm waters. The Romans, the French, the Gauls—here they won their victories and ran out their allotted spans. Here Charlemagne, the Great, stamped his signature and Napoleon, the mighty, threw the

splendor of his shadow. Here more than anywhere in the world romance, superstition and legends have had their opportunity. Dragons have lashed their tails, maidens and heroic knights have woven their stories, flickering lights have spoken of gnomes and fays. Then the sweeping desolation of decay, which toppled castles into ruins, followed by the wave of deep religious feeling, that left its mark in convents and abbeys, in churches and shrines. This is the river of time, that tossed her puppets upon man's stage awhile and swept them onward into oblivion. This is the river that was born before man was heard of and will outlast him when civilization is again but an echo out of dim past centuries!

"I wonder what they are all thinking about?" said my Pal, his field glasses sweeping the deck. Many of the passengers knew the way by heart, I thought, and yet they were here gaining inspiration even through half-closed eyes that seemed on the verge of sleep. There were two stout passengers just in front of us, sitting on little folding camp chairs, arms leaning over the wooden rails. All we could see were two belted backs, identically broad and square, camera cases slung diagonally across, two short, red necks and heads of close-shaven white hair. When we arrived they were in that position, when we left the boat at Bonn they were still there. Only

once did they turn round, to my knowledge, and that was to hail a passing *Kellner,* who soon appeared with six slender bottles of Rhine wine. Then I found myself looking into merry blue eyes set wide apart in broad, healthy faces adorned with military mustaches proudly twisted in the old imperial style. Something rather attractive about these two old soldiers; they looked like war generals, spending lazy hours gazing over this peaceful blue river.

"*Und ruhig fliesst der Rhein!*" sang out Charles, strolling up.

"Yes, decidedly *sehr, sehr ruhig!*" said I.

Charles was one of the young music students we had met in Cologne and he and his pal, Martin, had decided to journey down to Bonn with us, where they were going to enjoy a few days of *Festspiel* music in the old Beethoven city and, if possible, a lecture or so in the University.

"*Hungrig?*" asked Martin, congenial, dark-eyed and companionable, though less volatile than Charles. The Rhine air being conducive to good appetites, we four departed to the lower deck, where a sunshiny saloon was fitted out with long luncheon tables, most of them already filled. The wine list (in memory such prodigality of names is almost criminally tantalizing!) was set before us and we decided on a rare, sparkling vintage grown on these sunny hillsides. That is all I can remember of that

Stolzenfels and the Rhine

luncheon, save the evident enjoyment of the hungry German families all around the saloon, and a soufflé—ah, it were a sin to forget that soufflé, for the good *Rheinschiff*, Stolzenfels, had a magic chef aboard and never before or since have I tasted such a light, airy, delicious dish as the golden, vanilla egg soufflé that was set before us.

From one of the little watering places we passed, as the mellow afternoon wore on, small boats had put out to midstream and swimmers were enjoying the warm, sunny hours. Along the yellow shore crowds of children were jumping up and down, waving their hands and shouting as we passed; many of them had gay, striped swimming suits, others were little bronzed sun bathers with almost nothing to shade them from the strong rays. Two racing boats drew near, long thin noses cleaving a straight sharp line, while the rowers kept their rhythmical swing. Then a girls' rowing club, six boats splendidly managed by these active young *Frauleins* of post-war Germany. Swimming shorts and sweaters, strong bare arms and legs, free in the sunshine, while they bent and pulled in perfect time, feathering the Rhine water with lacy cobwebs.

Soon the old city of Bonn appeared in the distance, getting nearer and nearer until we could see it distinctly, nestling in the spurs of the hills, just

where the Rhine leaves the romantic highlands and begins its long journey through the flat valley northward to Cologne.

The late afternoon sunshine picked out the imposing line of houses along the river front and beautiful gardens stretching from old homes right down to the blue water.

The boats do not wait long at any of the towns *en route,* just put off the old load of passengers and take on the new, a little exchange of baggage—and we are ashore in Bonn.

An old horse carriage took us along the cobbled streets of this energetic little city, which despite its learning and ancient history, is today remarkably up to date and full of vigorous life. The Königshof between the beautiful Hofgarten and the Rhine was an inviting resting place, imbued with the solid comfort characteristic of these well established Rhine hotels. Cool rooms, from which we could look out over a cobbled square, the gardens or the Rhine and the exquisite line of the Seven Hills. The service excellent, we enjoyed the quiet dignity of the waiters, who carried the stately manners of old courtiers into the bustle of "the season." This old university city, with its memories of music, romance and poetry and the illustrious Beethoven and Arndt, dowers its sons with charm and dignity.

. On these summer evenings we wandered through

old streets, thinking of the days when Bonn was founded in the time of the old Roman Emperors—Bonn, whose history has piled up year on year, until now it is one of the most important of the Rhine ports, the center of a network of railways and motor-bus routes and the starting point for a vast amount of Rhine air traffic. Two hundred acres behind the city are given up to an aerodrome with spacious workshops and hangars. Here you take flight over the romantic Siebengebirge and up and down over the castled Rhine Valley. Bonn has not stood still in the march of progress.

We wandered through the years, often via the Minster with its five beautiful towers and picturesque cloisters. In the days when the Electors of Cologne were powerful barons, Bonn was a popular country resort and here the barons built the old Castle, now turned into a university, surrounded by the spacious lawns and avenues of the Hofgarten. The University is a most imposing building stretching right to the Rhine, and our two traveling friends, Charles and Martin, settled down to the pleasant routine of summer lectures.

"Think of Beethoven running about these streets as a little boy; I wonder if he ever stopped right here!" said Martin, as we were strolling one afternoon.

"I don't see how he could help it," said Charles.

We were at Der Alte Zoll (old customs' gate), one of the few remaining landmarks of the old walls and fortifications. Here in ancient times the laden barges and merchant ships from the North would halt to pay toll before journeying on; and here, today, we got a wonderful view down the busy Rhine to the green line of the Seven Hills and the distant reaches of the romantic, legend-haunted river.

"I'll return one day to watch this scene by moonlight," I said. "A genius, guided by this moonlight, was born here!"

Bonn is a name to conjure with in the world of education—modern and scientific medical schools with model hospitals to aid the healing balm of nature in this inspiring region; splendid buildings for the various institutes, schools of agriculture and chemistry; grammar schools for the younger generations and a truly German institution, an academy for turning out good *Hausfraus!* Music conservatories and dramatic schools, for Bonn is one of the art centers of the Rhine valley. The atmosphere seems to inspire, with time for learning, time for appreciation, time for art and music, yet never a moment for stagnation. Our two young students fitted in at once and declared they would like to spend a year at least in this inspiring city of Beethoven. They were off to lectures early each morn-

The Rosenburg, near Bonn

ing, while my Pal and I would wander through the old town grouped around the fascinating market place. Imagine a brisk throng of stallkeepers, who had been busy at the job since five or six o'clock, long before the sun's rays found their way over the top of the eighteenth-century town hall. All the cobbles had been washed and swept even before the peasants arrived with their carts and trays. Fruits and vegetables now stood in great piles of green and red and brown, speaking of fine harvests and housewives out early taking the pick of the baskets.

Along one side of the market was a good vaudeville theatre and picture house (thronged at night with students and visitors, drawn by the flashing electric signs), extolling the latest adventures of the screen world. Flanking this, rows of shops, some of them showing the fine hand sewing of the German peasants, and others full of musical instruments, for Beethoven's town manufactures organs and pianos as well as musical memories.

The streets star out from the market, each one interesting, for this is the oldest part of the town and here you find tall, overhanging houses with old walled gardens and ancient railed-in trees.

We were so early that when we reached Number 20 Bonngasse, a plain little house with an old-fashioned bell, we could get no answer. The step was

newly washed and whitened, the notice was above the door, so we knew it was the house that draws thousands of pilgrims every year. We pealed again. A neat little woman in a long, black dress and white apron, below which peered the round toes of a pair of high black, buttoned boots, opened the door, eyed us calmly and told us to come back later. After years of looking forward we were turned from the master's doorstep!

There was nothing for it but further wandering through the old streets and a cup of delicious chocolate in a diminutive Hollander Conditorei, looking over the market. The next time we arrived at the sacred door we were admitted, with a beaming smile from the old lady and a friendly wag of the tail from a big Alsatian, whose quiet, dignified greeting of the guests at the famous house was decidedly in keeping.

Up tiny wooden stairs to the sacred little birth-room under the eaves, a room with sloping roof and small windows. A red cord prevents you going in and you just look and look and pray. There is a large bust of Ludwig van Beethoven, wreathed about with green laurels. The small back room contains the master's old organ, with quaint wooden pedals, where he sat for hours conjuring the rhythms of reality from some other world of radiant illumina-

tion; catching them, weaving them, transcribing them, so that the less inspired may for a moment glimpse the peaks.

It happened that I was alone for a while in the small music room with its uneven floor boards and memories of genius. I had been through the other rooms with their paintings and pictures of Beethoven and the Beethoven family, their infinitely sad death masks, that had sent me hurrying over to the glass cabinets to catch the life beat of the world's musician in his handwritten symphonies, the ink brown as the spidery notes ran up and down the pages, with an occasional word of thin handwriting. Here I had seen letters to him, pictures of famous musicians who had assembled here to play his masterpieces. Now I was alone in the organ room where he had created. From down the shaky stairs the faint tinkling of a bell sounded as new visitors came in, but for the moment I was undisturbed in this room of memories, and a line from an Eastern poet rang through my mind:

"Pour your heart into my life strings,
My Master, in tunes that descend from your stars."

Beethoven caught his melodies in music that answered not the call of his outer ear but of his inner soul, which is transmuted to his listeners for all

time. A grotesque array of ear trumpets is on display in this little house, rows of small ones and large ugly ones, all shapes and sizes.

A little garden, peacefully hidden in walls and high trees and trailing vines, senses sweet quiet. A huge white statue of Beethoven, hidden in a vine arbor, is strangely unimpressive after the living spirit of his rooms.

Out again into the town where genius as a boy caught his inspiration while playing among gardens and along twisting streets, over cobbles, down by the river. It seemed strange to picture Beethoven as a child clambering along these old ways.

Another genial figure marked the history of Bonn —Arndt, whose stirring songs acted like good red wine upon the spirits of German soldiers when Napoleon, then the mightiest figure on the world horizon, was turning his thoughts and his armies toward the Rhine. Arndt lived very near the river and, until he was an old man of ninety, liked to sit smiling before his door, where he could revel in the lights and shades, the romance and wonder of the river he had made his own.

An old castle with a comic opera name, Poppelsdorfer Schloss, lured us through its lovely gardens. A warm night found all the cafés overflowing with visitors, on the river hundreds of little boats float-

ing placidly. The famous Poppledorfer Allée is a long walk between rows of old gardens and fine houses. Gigantic, ancient chestnut trees flank the sides. Beyond these thick green lawns stretch on and on. We could vision a glory here in spring, when all the chestnut candles were a-blossoming, white and red in starry spears. This *Schloss* was once the country residence of the Electors of the district, the grounds now being used as the Botanical Gardens of the university and affording an ideal setting for students' research.

Slowly, to strains of music, we reached the Embankment; some popular summer concert floated along the valley on the wings of quiet night. There seems always to be music in Bonn, an excellent municipal orchestra playing regularly under the trees in the Stadtgarten or in the Beethovenallée aiding the illusion. At Easter time the music festival given by the city draws music lovers from far and near.

The Rhine steamer was waiting to take us still further along the romantic stream. Beethoven and memories . . . great symphonies heard and recalled . . . so we left Bonn, feeling the uplift of this long-hoped-for pilgrimage to the greatest shrine of music. Dreamily we sailed on, through the land of legend, to the Drachenfels.

III

OLD FOLK LEGENDS: BONN TO MAINZ

GLORIOUSLY sunny this day, as we drifted through one of the most romantic regions of the Rhine, even in bright daylight feeling the spirit of legend. Soon we came to the Drachenfels (Dragon's Rock), loftiest of all the Siebengebirge (Seven Peaks), and the home of that mythical monster who lived in a cave halfway up the mountain, whom Siegfried slew, and in whose blood the hero bathed himself into invulnerability.

Many are the tales of this creature's evil doings. He terrorized the whole valley, even striking fear into the hearts of the Roman legions stationed along the river. Shaking his scaly length about the hills, he made frequent visits into villages for tasty human morsels. So devastating was the monster that a famous general sought to settle the question of appeasing him once and for all, by arranging a daily menu of prisoners for him. One day two stalwart centurions dragged a lovely young maiden up to the door of the cave. When they arrived and she stood, displayed in the sunlight in all her beauty,

the two Romans decided she was too dainty a fare for any mere dragon and began to fight to see who should win her as bride.

The general, furious at the delay, pompously led the trembling victim toward the dragon. Out came the fearsome apparition, stamping his feet so that the whole mountain shook, bellowing roars of joy which echoed until, throughout the length and breadth of the valley, people bolted their doors and cowered for fear.

But not the maiden! As the dragon approached she held high her crucifix. The huge creature halted, petrified—turned and dashed himself into a million pieces on the crags. . . . A nice, cheery story to ponder on, sailing up the Rhine!

The hillsides are terraced with grape vines and the sparkling vintage made here is still called Dragon's Blood, immortalizing the legend of Drachenfels.

Königswinter, a little river town, nestles at the foot of this huge rock. From here twenty times a day or more a diminutive cable train carries visitors through the vineyards, past the dragon's cave and up to the modern Drachenburg, a castle owned by a wealthy baron, well in view of the ruined tower built seven hundred years or more ago.

Tramping along the top of these beautiful Seven Hills is one of the greatest joys of the Rhine trip, particularly if you arrange to spend the night in the

inn at the summit and watch a sunset from the Drachenfels. The twisting river is a broad ribbon below you, silver shot with rainbow tissues as the sky flames to brilliant gold, apricot and crimson. Ships down there look like children's toys; so do the houses of Königswinter, tiny and almost hidden away at your feet. Indescribable hues touch mountains and cultivated fields, showing them green with violet shadows, while tiny roads between vineyards are thin white streaks. You can imagine the whisper of waves and you realize why Wagner brought the virile heroes of northern myths to this countryside, why the old sagas were imbued with new romance and music and poetry in their Rhine setting. "The Twilight of the Gods" becomes natural, real and true along the Rhine; and when sunset flecks the golden waters you can, if you wish, hear the magic harmonies that foretell the coming of the swimming Rhine maidens and the marching of the gods of Valhalla across a rainbow bridge.

The inn where we were staying for the night was comfortable and in the evening we all gathered around a huge log fire. A band of young German trampers arrived, tired and dusty, late in the evening, but after a warm bath and supper took their guitars and lusty voices made the old Drachenfels ring. One of the boys, a young bank clerk from Ber-

The Drachenfels of Today

lin, spending his two weeks' vacation along the Rhine, told me that various walking clubs have mapped out the whole valley and that now one can reach all the interesting spots in comfortable stretches and be sure of a bed at the end of the day's tramp. All over the hills rest houses and huts have been put up for hikers, where for a small sum they get supper, a night's sleep, and breakfast. Germany has always fostered a love of God's great out of doors and each district looks to it as a point of honor, to make things comfortable for hikers. Since early to bed is one of the tramper's maxims, soon the inn had quieted down and we slipped out to see the Drachenfels at night under a starry sky.

At dawn the hikers were up and about. We listened to their ringing voices as they helped the innkeeper and his wife get breakfast ready. The tempting aroma of coffee began to steal up the wooden stairway, but we were no match for these early birds; it was several hours later when we came down. Even so, we had time for a tramp among the hills before the little cable car arrived to carry us down to Königswinter and the approaching *Rheinschiff*.

THROUGH FAIRY LEGENDS TO COBLENZ

At one of the tables on the lower deck we had

chosen this day was a cheerful young man from Hamburg, or so he convivially informed the world in general, as he sat gradually emptying bottle after bottle of wine. Soft straw hat on the back of his head, he soon broke into snatches of song in a pleasant tenor voice. Round him a few congenial souls gathered, alternating between choruses and bursts of laughter. Then sunshine and air and the strong vintage of these hills claimed their toll, heads dropped forward and the little party quieted down for an hour or so.

On the other side was an attractive middle-aged couple dressed for tramping. The man was about fifty, thick set and bronzed, looking rather warm in his heavy tweeds. His lady was almost as heavy as he and about the same age; she looked a splendid companion. In a brown face her bright blue eyes shone and twinkled, her hair was snow white and beautifully groomed, not a strand out of place. I was amused to see her hands in white cotton gloves; once that morning she pulled them off to open a little box of *Wurst* and rolls—homely contrast to the huge touring map spread out for study. When she took off her gloves she showed the daintiest, whitest hands, with each tapering finger-nail polished as though she had stepped out of an exclusive manicurist's shop! Winds and sun might burn and redden her face, but not those beautiful white hands,

a quaint vanity in conjunction with heavy leather shoes and brown canvas rucksack!

Herr Tramper took out his field glasses and focused them until he caught a ruin high up on the cliff to our right. "*Rolandseck!*" he said, handing the glasses to his companion, "*und Insel Nonnenwerth,*" pointing to a lovely little islet in midstream that we were just passing—a quiet little place, completely overgrown with green.

"Rolandseck, Rolandseck!" I thought, "there is some story I should remember about that old ruin." I turned to ask my Pal, but he was no better up in Rhine legends. It devolved upon the smiling, white-haired lady tramper to enlighten us. She bent towards me.

"Perhaps you do not remember the old story of Charlemagne's nephew," she said in English. "That's his ruined castle up there; it makes it much more interesting if you know its story, particularly the connection with that little island of Nonnenwerth. One of our romantic legends!" and she smiled.

The Herr Tramper joined in:

"Gerta is so enthusiastic about these old stories! She's up in them all, and she simply can't bear to feel anybody's missing anything. It's the schoolmistress in her, eh, Gerta?" They both laughed. You could see how congenial and well suited they were one to another.

"But no," I said quickly. "I'm afraid that I'm woefully ignorant and will miss half the romance of it all. Do tell me."

"Madame, there is nothing in the world she would like better," said the husband.

The lady Gerta made a face at him and began:

"Well, this old legend is really a true one. It tells how Charlemagne's nephew, Roland, one of the handsomest Romeos of the whole Rhine Valley, fell in love with the daughter of the Lord of the Drachenfels, she, of course, being the fairest maiden between Bingen and Bonn. The lovers were betrothed and while they wandered up and down these hills vowed that nothing but death should part them. On the wedding eve Roland was sent for by Charlemagne to lead an army against the savage Moors. This he did, displaying great valor, and many were the brave deeds reported to his waiting lady in her castle on the Drachenfels. At last the dreadful news came that Roland had been killed. The broken-hearted maiden entered a convent on the little island of Nonnenwerth, so her eyes could rest on the green hillside where she and the brave Roland had hoped and dreamed and planned.

"In course of time back marched the valiant hero, not dead—hardly the worse for his wounds! Calling for the fair lady at Drachenfels Castle, he was

told that she had immured herself in the convent.

"The despairing Roland then built a home in the hills, where he could look down on the little island that had stolen his bride; only once did he see her during all the years that followed: when the Sisters one moonlit night buried her beneath a huge ash tree. Deeper and deeper grew Roland's despair. He refused all food, refused all interests and finally died, his face turned to wooded Nonnenwerth. That ruin was his home and there still is a convent on the island. I do not know if it is the same order; but when Napoleon was destroying the churches along the Rhine he yielded to romance and left this standing!"

"Well, we've changed a little from those days," said my Pal.

"It is a good thing," said the Herr Tramper, his leg swinging over the back of his camp chair, his blue cigar smoke curling upward.

"I think it is a charming story," said I, "and now it would be rather nice if you would come down and have luncheon with us." For just then a *Kellner* was bugling forth some woodsy melody that might have been a call from a bird or the fragment of an old Rhine song.

With that, introductions followed. Our Herr Tramper was a professor in one of the northern uni-

versities and both he and his wife had spent a year on our side of the water, visiting our schools and colleges.

Through the golden afternoon we drifted, watching the eternal movement of the Rhine, calm here, its peace almost unbroken save for the long line of white trailing our boat. We looked into the clear depths, where sunbeams were painting pictures as thrilling as any old legend. In fact, we sat here weaving our own legends, letting our fancy wander along this great avenue of history.

In the afternoon we came to Coblenz, where the Rhine is joined by the Moselle, that sparkling river that has bottled something of its sunny atmosphere in the wines for which it is so fondly remembered!

Coblenz is an old Roman city protected by massive walls. Across the river is the huge citadel of Ehrenbreitstein, where the soldiers of the Army of Occupation were stationed. It was strange to hear the French voices of the blue-clad poilus from the barracks mingling with those of their German friends along the old streets.

When we left the boat an army of photographers and fruit vendors bore down upon us, but we escaped, handing our bags to a small *Gepackträger,* who looked about fourteen but must have been several years older. He found us a cab and off we rattled to our hotel in the centre of the town, whose

pleasant squares and boulevards have a distinct air of modernity.

There was plenty of time then to visit the colossal statue of William the First, at the end of a long promenade. We climbed the tall steps with their semicircle of walls, up to the platform bearing the horse and imperial rider, with a quiet, winged figure at the side. We stood here with old Wilhelm, while the sun set over the Rhine. It was rather wonderful in conception, very imperialistic and yet quite impressive, this huge figure of an emperor gazing northward along the wide valley and commanding both the Moselle and the onward sweep of *der Rhein!*

At sunset, back to the hotel, while all around in cafés and gardens singing and music said pleasantly that "the night was still young."

An early breakfast of strawberries, coffee, eggs and tasty German *Schwarzes Brod* was spread on our rustic balcony, overlooking a tiny green square where a serious-looking Germanic citizen sat firmly planted forever in his stone chair atop a five-foot pedestal. Birds were fluttering all around the square and a pair of pigeons came to share our breakfast.

Out with my old green-lined sunshade and down to the Rhine Promenade, a beautiful walk that runs the whole length of the town, several miles, beside the river. Here you stroll under a canopy of green

trees, past neatly kept lawns. Flower beds carpet the stretch down to the water. Cafés and restaurants with gaily awninged tables, and low wooden benches that fit round the trunk of a venerable tree.

We followed sounds of singing and in about half an hour came to a break in the trees. Here was a chorus of three hundred school children or more, row after row, singing to no accompaniment save a symphony of bird notes from near-by trees. A small man in a black, frock-tailed coat was conducting the proceedings, hopping up and down, waving a baton and now and again calling out commands. Gradual crescendos swept out across the river, and diminuendos, until nothing but the rustling of leafy canopies could be heard.

Then a pause and all broke out into a rollicking peasant song, full of humor and vivacity—twenty verses or more, with youthful soloists telling the story and laughing choruses breaking out.

Our memory is of sunshine and music and a congenial spirit in the old citadel town.

From Coblenz the most interesting part of the Rhine journey begins, taking you from one fine old castle to the next. Every few moments you pass one, so that you have barely time to glance down at your map before a new, interesting ruin is peering down at you from a rocky fastness. Some are gaunt and

Where the Lorelei Doomed the Unwary

cold looking, with hollow windows and broken-down walls; others have a green covering of vines. They stand alone, though occasionally two appear together, like Sterrenberg and Liebenstein, which belonged to two brothers, each having his own home. They were great friends until by ill fortune they happened to fall in love with the same maiden. Nothing but mortal combat could settle their differences and a precipitous ledge of rock was chosen for the encounter. History does not divulge whether the lady was present or not, but the two brothers fell at the same moment, each with a sword piercing his heart.

Some of the castles have more or less peaceful histories but the greater number were the background for stirring events. Many were the strongholds of the old robber barons, who carried on a more or less legitimate trade by levying taxes on merchants, who used the great highway to carry goods from southern Europe and the East to the busy centres of the North. Each baron was responsible for his own particular stretch of river and levied tolls on all merchandise. In return he must keep the towing path in order and give help in places where the current was dangerous. But if an especially fine cargo was going by there was nothing to prevent the eagle-eyed baron, sitting like a spider in his mountain web, from swooping down and steal-

ing what he wanted of the cargo or imposing tolls that were far from just. All manner of skirmishes and hatreds were stirred up and every now and again the merchants would band together to annihilate a particularly unscrupulous rascal of a baron.

Stolzenfels is one of the first castles after Coblenz. It stands above the river about four hundred feet, like a floating white cloud palace of towers and battlements set in a sea of green. The countryfolk say that Stolzenfels is a thousand years old or more, though, of course, it has been restored and rebuilt many times. For years it was a favorite holiday spot for the emperors of Germany.

VINEYARDS ALONG THE RHINE

"Did you ever see such vineyards!" murmured a smiling-faced girl at my side.

I turned:

"No, aren't they simply wonderful? I've been so engrossed with castles and legends that I've hardly thought what the Rhine people are doing today!"

The cultivation of Rhine hillsides is almost as wonderful as the old Rhine history. Here are precipitous rocks with sunshine enough to ripen the fruit to mellow maturity, but rocky ledges only with no depth of earth. For centuries laborers have toiled up these cliffs carrying loads of soil, replenishing the ledges again and again, for rains wash the earth down

to the Rhine despite the scientific way in which terraces have been built. Often vines are planted in baskets of earth protected by walls, rising in thirty or forty terraces to the very summit of steep mountains. Narrow little tracks run between vineyards; and along these we could see the workers, men and women, bending down over the vines or carrying baskets of fertilizer and earth uphill on their shoulders.

At the tables along the deck our fellow passengers were appreciating the vintage of these hills—wine, music and scenery, a perfect day's relaxation for hard-working Germans! There is always plenty of music on board, wandering players, a regular orchestra or passengers off for a holiday sing lustily.

"*Ich weiss nicht was soll es bedeuten,*" began the young girl who had turned me to the vineyards.

"*Dass ich so traurig bin!*" I hummed on. Why, to be sure! Our accompaniment was coming from a lonely flutist wandering down from the prow of the *Schiff*. He was fat and rosy and not at all what one would expect of a "lonely flutist," but he played beautifully and his tune revived the old Lorelei story. Especially as we were just then passing the famous rock, with a little flag fluttering away at the top. It was midday, very warm and sunny, but even so the eeriness of the old legend crept into the air.

The Rhine is quite narrow here and there is a swift

undercurrent, which probably accounts for the story that Heine wrote in such poetic stanzas.

In the evening, when a sunken ledge stirred up whirlpools, dashing foam against the rock, fishermen fancied they saw a fair siren sitting on the crags, singing to them, while with "*goldenen Kamm*" she combed her "*goldenes Haar.*" It seemed not at all unlikely when white moonbeams stretched across the surf-beaten rock. All the world knows the story of the sailors who were dashed to pieces as they answered to the melodies of the Lorelei's voice. Now the haunted cliff is tunneled and trains tear through the enchanted hollows, emphasizing the jump made from the days of little row boats with oars and sails and fishermen who had time to listen to the music of a siren's voice.

Not far off, across the Rhine, is the charming little town of St. Goar, nestling in the shadow of the ancient Rheinfels ruin. In springtime St. Goar blossoms into a fairy city of orchards and on every *Dampfschiff* you buy beautifully colored pictures of its steeples and towers against a background of brilliant pink apple and cherry blossom. St. Goar's origin is hidden, like many of the little places along the Rhine in the shadows of "long, long ago!" But there is an old story telling of the living saint, whose mission it was to Christianize this section of the Rhine. St. Goar was an enthusiastic old beggar and

worked as a ferryman. His pleasant fancy it was to demand your confession of faith when in mid-stream. If you were a doubter he would baptize you there and then. There is one story of one of his first victims, a fat and blustering merchant, who had the temerity to tell St. Goar that he was not a Christian.

"Oh," said the old man, popped him overboard and held him down so long that the unhappy man went his watery way to heaven. He returned to St. Goar as a ghostie and thanked the saintly ferryman many times for thus helping him to the pleasant isles of the blessed! However, the majority of the passengers, not so eager to be drowned into immortality, would hastily make the sign of the cross, when half way over the stream.

We remained on deck as the river was very interesting in this section. A sympathetic waiter brought sandwiches, old Rhine wine and coffee to our eyrie at the front of the ship. Field glasses made real a forbidding old tower, that had kept its watch for six hundred years or more, the ancient toll house of the Pfalz, a stern old place with loopholes and turrets and gruesome dungeons that stretch far below the level of the river, so the *Kellner* told us.

He was such a cheery and informative young man, that waiter, with his rosy face and smart, neat appearance. I wish I had the skill to re-tell his version of the old legend of the Schönberg we were

just passing. It really needs the German idioms and if possible an orchestra and a chorus or two to do it justice. The *Kellner's* eyes twinkled, his large hands moved expressively, his large smiling mouth grimaced and grew grim as he recited. He was lost on a Rheinschiff, and might have been an orator, we thought. This was the gist of the story:

In the castle, Schönberg, lived a baron with seven beautiful daughters, each lady of a decided temperament and each one an incorrigible flirt. Lords of the land, merchants, minstrels and poets besieged the castle trying to win their favors, until the string of broken hearts spread the length of the valley. Heartless beauties these! At last—and none too soon, if the legend hold true—the gods took pity and avenged the lovelorn suitors by changing the seven sisters into seven rocks.

Alas, the days of Chivalrie!

There was a charming pair of young German lovers not far from our table whose affairs seemed to be running much more smoothly than the seven imperious Schönberg ladies'. The man was a tall, handsome fellow with a shock of black hair and a quick smile. "Quite Byronic!" I murmured to myself, especially when he stood up to drag chairs to a shady spot. He limped quite noticeably. The girl was vivid, with very short black hair and large black

eyes in a pale face, entirely unlike the usual German tourist. She wore a striped black suit and a silk shirt tightly buttoned at the neck. All they carried was a camera case and a book of poems. Somewhat of an idyll on a Rhineboat! Obviously the rest of us, the music and the ruined castles hardly existed for them. Now and again I caught my eyes wandering to their corner—always the same picture, the flashing of dark eyes, the turning of a page of poetry, an answering smile. At last they left the boat and us, at "Bingen on the Rhine."

Just before we passed Bingen there was another fascinating old ruin—Falkenburg, the one-time home of a river bandit, a bold, bad, medieval baron, who toured the countryside, plundering and stealing. At last he came one day to a village and chanced to hear the silver chimes of an old bell hanging in the steeple. Well, this old baron never stopped to wonder, when he wanted he just took. As usual, he walked off with the bell to his mountain castle. The priest, hurrying home to mass, found that the bell was gone and heard the full story from his trembling servant. A regular hero, the father wrapped himself in a long black cape and set off for the mountains.

Whether or not scenes of revelry and rejoicing were going on at the castle, nobody seems to know, but the baron, decidedly annoyed at the unwelcome

visit, forthwith tied the bell about the wretched priest's neck and plunged him deep into a well. Not long after, the baron sickened and in his fever was tormented by incessant ringing of the silver bell. Frantically the servants rushed out but their torches would not divulge anything in the darkness; in the waters of the well the bell had sunk too deep. When they returned on the stroke of midnight they found the baron dead. Still, the peasants say, if you are wandering that way of a wintry night, you can hear clearly the silvery chiming of a bell echoing from the old ruined walls.

No less gruesome is the story of the old Mausethurm, of the dire and dreadful deeds of one of the bishops of Mainz. Here in a year of famine he locked up crowds of women and children in his barns, saying that they were useless "rats," the while he set fire to the rafters. Barely were the words out of his mouth, when he espied a horrible avalanche of real rats running up from a neighboring hill. Desperate, he flew into the Mausethurm, bolted and barred every door and window, but in they surged, until nothing but a few white bones were left to tell the tale of the heartless bishop.

After the bishop's tower we began to leave the rugged hills with their romantic stories and legends, the river banks began to widen and flatten out. There was one interesting spot before we left the

The Mauseturm, Monument to an Evil Bishop of Mainz

highlands of romance, the enormous "Nationaldenkmal" (a *Denkmal* is a monument in Germany) and this one stands on the wooded heights of the Niederwald, a huge bronze monument over a hundred feet high, with various German rulers and winged figures put up to commemorate the victory of the Franco-Prussian war.

Regretfully we leave the narrow windings of the Rhine and its forty miles of castles and legends between Coblenz and Mainz. Every one at this point decides to come again, to dream again, upon past centuries, to learn more of the failures, conquests, philosophies, the *gewisses etwas* (certain something), which makes one feel that all the "once upon a time" was—and is—true, whenever he sets sail upon this storied river.

IV

HEIDELBERG AND THE OLD CASTLE

LITTLE river towns line the banks between Bingen and Mainz, many of them popular holiday resorts. As we floated by, there were the usual scenes, the usual rowboats and swimmers. Long low barges began to pass, most of them carrying enormous piles of coal or wood that kept them low in the water. A sailor's merry greeting, at least a wave of the hand. Sometimes lines of washing strung up on deck, with a stout Gretchen, skirt tucked up above petticoats, rubbing away at a wooden tub, while above her head snowy white garments flapped in the river breeze. A pleasant life in summer, trailing the river in this sunshine!

In the distance we could see now the clear outlines of fair Wiesbaden, sheltered by hills and warmed by sunshine—an ideal spot in which to recuperate from any ills. We did not leave the boat, however, until we reached Mainz, a little further up —a Roman town, with a fine stone bridge spanning the Rhine, built by the Roman general, Drusus.

The city that greeted us has an up-to-date appearance. But we found an older section, with

quaint, straggling streets, many beautiful gardens and a long river promenade like the one we had sauntered on at Coblenz. Few cathedrals have such a varied career as the fine tenth-century edifice at Mainz. When the city was besieged, the Cathedral was turned into a storehouse and in the times of the French invasions Napoleon's soldiers used it as a barracks. But Napoleon, seeing the ravages made by his men, installed an army of workmen to rebuild and repair.

At Number 2 Christopherstrasse, at the end of the fourteenth century John Gutenberg first cast his searching eyes about this world of ours; puzzled over things a little, decided to move the whole world on a trifle and designed movable type to revolutionize the art of printing. A colossal service to mankind! As is usually the case, Gutenberg was not appreciated during his lifetime and made little money out of his invention. But there is, in the square near the Cathedral, an interesting statue to his memory. This was designed by a famous Danish sculptor, Thorwaldsen, and it is nice to think that subscriptions from all over Europe made the building of this statue possible.

HEIDELBERG

From Mainz we followed the Rhine southward by car to Heidelberg, an excellent road most of the

way, running through stretches of golden cornfields and vineyards with an occasional little town tucked miles away from anywhere in a charming green setting.

A few years ago the modern version of "Alt Heidelberg," "The Student Prince," brought the atmosphere of romantic Heidelberg to Broadway. Now I was anxious to see just how far my preconceived ideas fitted into the atmosphere of the old university town. The background is ideal, with old red roofs and towers mirrored in the calm face of the Neckar River flowing down to meet the Rhine. When the University is in session streets and squares overflow with students, but during our summer visit it was quiet, save for the many tourists, and we had to picture the stirring events of student days. Several bridges span the Neckar, one especially graceful, with wide stone arches, which marks the starting point of the students' boat races in the annual regattas. On either side of the river are wooded hills sheltering the trim bright villas of the new town and further on half way up the mountainside is the old *Schloss,* that has brooded here for centuries.

We were comfortably settled at the Staat Hotel looking up hill to the castle at the back and in front along the wide Neckar Valley over the town.

You are not long in Heidelberg before you realize

Heidelberg Castle in Springtime

how very, very old the city is. Just a year or two ago geologists were busy unearthing remains of an altar to Mercury worshiped by the Romans in the first century. This was hidden at the foot of the Heiligeberg. Fragments of wall tell of an ancient tribe dwelling here a thousand years or more before Christ; further back still, from the mists of antiquity, emerges the famous prehistoric jawbone, the *homo Heidelbergiensis*, one of the very earliest specimens of "we humans!"

The university was founded in 1386 by Ruprecht the First and since that date has been one of the most famous centres of learning in the whole of Europe. A very important edict issued in 1803 won for the university for all time the right of scientific research unhampered by any question of religion. So, naturally, through the years Heidelberg students have made great strides in the world of science. From everywhere students have flocked hither and men of every nationality have striven and saved to add the degree of Heidelberg University to their other qualifications. "A year at Heidelberg to soak in the atmosphere of age and learning!" I once heard one of our own Southern professors sigh and his dream is typical of the attraction Heidelberg holds for scholars.

At every turn of the streets you are reminded of the age of this venerable old place—an age, how-

ever, still pulsing with youthful activity. There are a hundred modern tobacco factories in Heidelberg, they tell you, and the first fountain pens were made here! But it was the romantic call of history that lured us through the sunny days.

Over the bridge we wandered one morning along the Hirschgasse, past balconied houses with carved doorways across which ancient trees cast their shadows. Public gardens seem to spring up unexpectedly all over the town, bright with flower beds, usually hiding walled sandpits crowded with happy, shouting children. Wherever you walk in streets and squares trees are growing and wooden benches invite you to rest.

The university buildings are gray and solid-looking, none of them very impressive or picturesque from the outside, not even the old tavern where the students have fought their duels for generations. The German Republic has passed a ruling to prevent this national pastime, but traditions cling and many an old Heidelberger treasures these scars of his days of prowess with the sword. The actual inn where the dueling took place is an unromantic-looking house with a pleasant garden at the back. Nearby is a tumble-down café, that inspired the lovely garden scenes of the "Student Prince," where the fair Kathy won the hearts of kings' sons and merchants' alike

as she dispensed the foaming steins of beer. The "dueling inn" has a café downstairs; the historic rooms upstairs were then and still are used for practice fencing bouts. A few plain chairs and tables, dark stains on the floor—this is all that tells of the days when the students won their spurs.

THE STUDENTS' PRISON

Not only dueling scars but a day or two in prison was necessary to establish your position as a worthwhile student. You were thrown not into the common jail but into a picturesque old wooden house where you could wander about at will, bringing your own cushions and blankets to relieve the austerity of bare boards. The prison is a treasure-trove of interesting autographs; Bismarck and many other famous Heidelbergers proudly decorated the walls with pictures and little sallies of wit; verses, names, drawings, portraits cover both walls and ceilings.

In the very heart of the old town is the Heiliggeistkirche (Church of the Holy Ghost), surrounded by an ancient square with burghers' houses, each marked by a statue of the Virgin. This ancient church, with its two-storeyed roof and quaint steeple, is a landmark from near and far. An interesting thing about it is, that half the church is Roman Catholic and half Lutheran, both services go-

ing on at the same time. First built in 1398, the edifice was half burned down and was quarreled over many times by adherents of different faiths until one old ruler in the eighteenth century conceived the bright idea of building a wall between the choir and the nave, and allotting the former to the Roman Catholics and the latter to the Protestants; that rule still holds good.

From the Corn Market a little funicular railway runs up the mountain to Heidelberg Castle. This is probably the quickest way to get there. But at the hotel we had met the proprietor's son, Karl Max, a university undergraduate, who came along with us in the auto and pointed out a great many interesting things we should otherwise have missed.

Karl was a fine boy about twenty, eager with questions about America and quite willing to satisfy our curiosity concerning his university and the lives of modern students. Over the bridge and up the hill we climbed, through newer sections of the town, trim streets with rows of villas and bright flower gardens.

"The only way we can expand," said Karl, "is to climb the mountain, so gradually new suburbs are clearing the wooded slopes."

Higher up the road twisted and turned with woods on either hand and splendid views down to the

The Castle of Heidelberg from the Air

river. At last we halted before a fine modern house standing in extensive grounds.

"Dr. Bergius lives there," said Karl. "He is a famous scientist, who discovered a gasoline substitute made from coal. Germany has very little petroleum and during the war we were hard put to it to get enough gasoline for our cars. So Dr. Bergius' invention means that we shall never run entirely out of gasoline. I think your Standard Oil Company took up his invention. Anyway, now he has settled down in old Heidelberg. I wonder—" Karl's pleasant voice dwindled away. Probably he was planning out a similar line of adventure for himself.

A little further up we came to a charming red brick house, built on a little knoll above a garden, brilliant with terrace on terrace of flowers. A tiny windmill creaked at the side. Just within the gate was a deep well with a gabled arch and long chain. A flagged path led up to the porch, overhung with red ramblers and, as we passed, one of the windows was flung open and a beautiful soprano voice caroled forth.

"That is the home of Fraulein S.," said Karl. "She is one of our greatest film stars. Perhaps, yes, I suppose, your Hollywood will get her one day," and Karl's brown head nodded sagely.

We drew up beside a rustic café, where many pic-

nic parties were established at wooden tables or sitting on the ground under the trees. An old fiddler, with long white hair falling over a faded green jacket, was making quite a good day of it, playing tuneful melodies and collecting coins in his worn felt hat.

"That's old Maximilius," said Karl. "They say he's over a hundred; I've seen him wandering all over Heidelberg since I was a boy. Hi, Maximilius!"

The old man started at the sound of his name and came over, making his way easily over the fallen leaves.

"Maximilius, here are some visitors from America. What can you play for them?"

"What you will," said the old man, holding his fiddle up to his chin while he bent his head in salutation.

He broke out into a swinging Brahms' dance, that sent its gypsy echoes wandering along the wooded aisles. Then another and another, changing into an old Heidelberg drinking song with a chorus that ran from table to table. A country dance this time with such a fetching lilt, that I was not surprised when two young couples got up and began to swing round and round, arching their eyes and changing partners with a variety of quaint steps. Soon other tables broke up until there was a regular dancing hall in the open, young and old joining in with clapping of

hands and stamping of feet; as a climax they joined hands in rings of a dozen or more and spun round and round and round, while old Maximilius spurred on the music with a will. A final whoop and it all ended. The dancers were back at their tables, large handkerchiefs out to fan warm faces, large straw hats with heavy flower wreaths readjusted and a general cry for more beer. Meantime Maximilius stood leaning against a tree, bow hanging in one hand, fiddle in the other, his white head bent forward on his breast. Karl went up to him.

"Well done, Max," he said, "that was great! Now for a drink!" To our great delight the old fiddler was persuaded to sit down at our table to a feast of *Wurst* and rolls and several foaming steins of beer.

THE CASTLE

On through the woods, up to the old ruins, passing many a picnic party and group of wandering children, for these lovely forests are a mecca for all Heidelberg on summer days.

The old *Schloss,* overgrown by trailing vines and bushes, has been painted and lauded for generations by artists and poets of many nationalities. Here Goethe used to wander with the lovely young Marianne von Willemar, and here they would sit for hours on the terrace gazing down to the river. On the poet's seventy-fifth birthday he received a poem

from his young admirer recalling the happy hours they had spent together in the ruins of the *Alte Schloss*.

Through a garden, to a medieval courtyard, an old square built around with many different types of walls, for the *Schloss* was rebuilt again and again by various ruling princes and for three hundred years or more new palaces were being added. We stood in this ancient courtyard, surrounded by towers and balconies, many of the buildings now roofless, walls arched and carven with figures. One whole side is taken up by a carved façade like a medieval screen, with pointed window apertures through which the sun beams in on mossy stones and rows of carven, knightly figures, splendidly preserved. Here you stand with the old knights and their ghostly memories, and gradually re-live those times when courtyards rang to the stamping of horses and the gentler sounds of minstrelsy; and the chatter of ladies welcomed returning warriors.

One of the newer parts of the *Schloss* was a love gift of a Rhine king to his English bride. Frederick the Fifth, King of Bohemia and Lord of the Palatine as well, won the hand of Elizabeth, daughter of James the First of England. She was a charming princess, from all accounts, and inherited the beauty of her luckless grandmother, Mary Queen of Scots. When Elizabeth arrived in Heidelberg she longed

Students' Eternal Delights—Heidelberg and the Rhine

for the spacious beauty of her old English home, so the adoring Frederick built her a beautiful Renaissance palace with banqueting halls, gardens and terraces, where she could wander and feast her eyes on the sweeping loveliness of the river valleys.

Below the towers a tremendous moat used to stretch. Tumbled into it today is a huge block of stone, part of a tower twenty feet thick, that was hurled down during one of the many later sieges. Frederick had determined to protect his bride well and the ruined walls of his palace are marvels of strength, enormously thick. Down narrow corridors, up low flights of steps to the lady's terrace with its wonderful views over the Neckar and the Rhine, to the hazy distance where the Black Forest begins.

Several rooms in the castle buildings have been roofed over and refurnished to give an idea of life in medieval days. Old coats of arms and shields on the walls add to the impression. We did not go down into the fearsome dungeons but we did visit the vaulted cellars, where Heidelberg proudly displays the largest wine cask in the world, the famous Heidelberg *Tun,* a masterpiece of cooper's work, standing twenty-four feet high and holding fifty thousand gallons. In the old days this *Tun* was filled with common Rhine wines and the retainers and townsfolk would come up here to dance on the wide wooden platform above the huge cask. Up above in

the banqueting halls the lords and ladies drank the rarer wines of the countryside and danced the more sedate court dances, while fiddlers and pipers sent the merry echoes ringing down the valley. Since the end of the eighteenth century the *Tun* has been empty and the old castle festivals have ceased. Gradually winds and birds and trails of ivy have taken possession of the palaces, finishing the work of a long series of battles and sieges. Several attempts have been made to repair the old castle, but it is gradually wearing down beneath the stress of years.

Heidelberg, though, has by no means lost the "good old spirit of festivity" and the ancient Band House in the castle grounds is yearly crowded with visitors to the festival plays. The house was built in the sixteenth century for the ladies of the castle and is now roofed over. Not far distant is an intriguing stairway leading down to enormous cellars.

Into the courtyard with its uneven cobbles long rays of sunshine fall in streaks through the hollow window apertures of the historic wall. Above this wall are lines of impressive statues. Through an old garden with a sundial and grotto and out to the waiting auto we go, slowly driving along leaf-carpeted forest roads, the wheels of the car soundless on trails where the hoof-beats of history once stirred the dust.

V

BADEN-BADEN

Our first glimpse of the romantic Schwarzwald had been from the crumbling walls of Heidelberg's old castle. Now we were well on our way, speeding along the Rhine valley towards Baden-Baden, "Queen of the Schwarzwald." A railway takes you in a few hours but it is much more interesting to drive through little towns and villages—there are excellent bus lines through this region. At first we saw nothing but vineyards clothing the slopes, with great fields of ripe grain nearer the river. After leaving Karlsruhe, capital of the province of Baden, climbing into wooded hills we neared the beautiful scenery of the Black Forest. The country roads twisted and turned, opening up glorious panoramas of valleys and forests stretching for miles in every direction.

Baden-Baden seems to touch the highest peak of your drive, as though after days of searching amidst the most picturesque, the most restful and delightful scenery you should say at last, "Here is *the* spot!"

and in that very place find Baden. It is a city of white houses, gardens and parks with an attractive river walk and fine homes built on the mountain slopes all enfolded, as you drive through, in long spurs of the Black Forest.

We arrived at the Stephanie Hotel just when lights were being lit and visitors were strolling down the Allée from their evening visit to the *Kurhaus.* A charming place this, overlooking Casino Park, so that you feel yourself in the very heart of music and gaiety; here the vivacious spirits of Baden overflow, there is always music, always interesting people and you feel on the crest of a wave that sets the very atmosphere effervescing like champagne. Baden is one of the best-known health resorts in Europe, not German, nor Swiss nor French, but the world's holiday place. Here every one seems more interesting because of the place itself and its charming setting. Before the war Russian princes and barons would flee the cold fastnesses of the North to bring their smartly uniformed retinues to one of Baden's choice villas, set in beautiful gardens, flowers and bird song, when northern Europe was still asleep under the snow. German princes, too, and any fortunate soul who could escape, would come to joyous-hearted Baden for a week and longer. What a setting for romance! Wealth, the beauties of the European capitals, the gaming tables, the dancing, the

All the Gay-hearted World Goes to Baden-Baden

eternal strains of music! Now Baden is enjoying her own again, a few princes the less, perhaps, a few roulette tables closed down; but Baden smiles and lures and welcomes the weary, the weak, the light-hearted and gay.

Stepping out onto our balcony, we drank in the delicious pine air, feeling "kured" already, just pleasantly tired after our long drive through the wooded countryside. Below us a little park with velvety lawns stretched and on every side the dark shadows of the forested hills loomed protectingly. Music fills your days in Baden, in every available park and garden.

Up early, joining the crowds of visitors who made their morning pilgrimage up to the Kurhaus. A few invalids in the procession, but the greater number hale and hearty visitors like ourselves, who were enjoying the exquisite natural surroundings even more than the *Kur*. A long avenue of trees, well kept lawns, flowers and shrubs and a fine orchestra; seats set out so that you can cure yourself, sipping waters and relaxing completely, dreaming across a green mountainscape. The Trinkhalle is an imposing white building in classic style, three hundred feet long with a pillared promenade on which to wander and chat. Enchanting colored pictures are frescoed on the walls, telling the legends of gnomes and fairies that inhabit the Black Forest

you are about to visit. The waters, by the way, are about a hundred and fifty degrees Fahrenheit, so you have plenty of time to enjoy the music while you wait for the bubbling glass to cool down. Old Roman baths were found here, proving that "we moderns" were not the only ones to benefit by these healing springs.

The natives of Baden have an air of Old World courtesy, you find, strolling along to the few shops filled with tempting trifles made in the Schwarzwald. Artistic music platforms set in green parks provide for concerts two or three times a day in this business section, so wherever you are and at all times music adds its healing atmosphere to Baden's other lavish gifts.

"The Oos is certainly oozing," I said as we wandered up the lovely Lichtenallée with the stream flowing through the centre. Tremendous torrents had been flooding the river bed with volumes of water gushing and rushing down from the hills. We stood for awhile on one of the bridges and watched the tail end of the flood, still carrying all before it, still churning up the sandy river bed. It seemed to us that the water was only a few inches from the danger point—it must have been several feet in reality—and thought it was causing anxiety to the townspeople. However, during our ten days' respite in this lovely spot from the joys and worries of mun-

dane rush, the river gradually sank down to its normal level—becoming a silvery, peaceful thread, that at night lured visitors to hours of pleasant strolling or leisurely flirtations.

A beflowered balcony. Breakfast overlooking Casino Park. A batch of old American newspapers, no longer mere news but interesting literature to any wayfarer from the home fireside. These we would pass on later in the day to other visitors as anxious for home news as ourselves. Below our balcony we watched the well dressed crowds in sports clothes leaving the hotel to follow the River Oos up to the Country Club with its fine tennis courts and several golf courses.

"It's simply heavenly not to have to do anything or go anywhere!" I said, stretching my arms over my head and enjoying the enormous bowl of lovely red roses on the wicker table next my chaise longue. Eleven o'clock, still lounging over my papers, feet up on cushions, eyes half dreaming through the warm, pine-scented air floating down upon me from the Black Forest. Others might rise and drink waters and ride for hours or play a hard game of tennis, but not I! "This breathes the life and all the *Kur* I want." I must have murmured aloud, for my Pal suddenly dropped his paper and asked what I was saying.

Little did I know that the peace was to be broken and without delay. Out of the garden stillness below came:

"Oo-hoo, oo-hoo, say there!"

And looking down, I saw a huge touring car full of gaily dressed young people, at the wheel the cheery face of my old friend Billy, from New York! Billy is a splendid musician, whom I had expected to meet later on in our travels. But there he was and a bunch of his pupils with him.

"Hullo, Billy!" I called down. "Where did you spring from?"

"Out of the nowhere, lady dear," he called back. "In other words, from over the hills and far away in Freiburg; a long and dusty drive. May I bring the family up?"

I laughed. "Come right up, all of you! Go through the rose garden, just round to the left; we are on the third floor."

Hastily I jumped down, slipped on sandals and threw open the doors.

"It's good to see you, Billy," I said, shaking both hands and drawing him in.

"It's great to be here." Billy's cheery smile beamed all over his pleasant, round face. "Though we've had a pretty rough time making it. The car went back on us and we were lost in the forest and had to get an old woodsman with his mule to drag us out of the

Health Resorts Are Really Places in Which to Have a Good Time!

ruts. I'm afraid the girls got rather shaken up on the way!"

"No, we didn't, Billy," they chorused. "We had a marvelous time, quite thrilling!"

They were three charming-looking girls with light coats over their sports dresses. Billy introduced us all—Betty and Louise, two sisters, typical young débutantes who were taking life in a happy-go-lucky stride, and Gwendolyn, a quiet, shy little Southerner with dark eyes and a cloud of soft, brown hair. Bob and Ed finished the party; two cheerful young wanderers, both good sports, ready to enjoy any adventure to the fullest.

"I didn't expect to see you before Munich, Billy," I said.

"Surprise party all round," laughed he.

Soon we were comfortably settled in long, easy chairs on the balcony; everyone refreshed and cheery. Gwendolyn and Ed had commandeered the awninged swing and Bob had discovered the piano, thrown open the top and was improvising little snatches of song that floated out to us, pleasantly mingling with the sounds of Maria and Oskar setting an appetizing luncheon table. A tinkling of glasses and out came Maria with an attractive-looking tray.

"Here's to beauty," said Billy, "and this is the place to find it!"

WAYNE, NEBR.
STATE TEACHERS COLLEGE

Bob strolled out to join us. From the park below the luncheon orchestra was tuning up.

"Why it's as good as a play," said Louise, "all those interesting people down there and this balcony just like a royal box!"

"Come, luncheon," I said.

In the afternoon we made our way through the cool, tempting woods with a lacy network of boughs overhead and the murmuring of pine leaves. Occasionally amid the forest sounds a bird would flutter across our path or a rabbit prick up inquisitive ears.

The two boys went off for a long tramp with the girls, while Billy stayed with us to talk over his plans for the summer. We sat down for a rest amid the pine needles, where at our feet a little stream gurgled its way along; clear as crystal was the water with darting trout like silvery gold splashes, playing about between the stones. Two small Black Forest urchins were busy a little way down stream catching the family supper; again and again they snared the fish, cupped in their hands and dropped them into the pail of water set down alongside. Then one of them espied us and away they scampered, leaving us to the murmuring river, the long shafts of sunshine falling through the black trees and the tiny blue wild flowers, that spread a carpet along both banks.

A drowsy afternoon, while we three drifted into a pleasant state of desultory, friendly conversation. Almost in a trance we wandered through these woods, already bewitched by the forest life, almost ready to believe that the poor peasants we passed occasionally, gathering twigs and branches, were really fairy folk. All along these forest drives and walks, for miles out of Baden-Baden, you can see old women with long branches and brooms clearing away fallen leaves and twigs and cutting down underbrush to keep the forests clean and neat. We found a charming little inn for dinner, presided over by an old peasant man and his rosy-cheeked *Frau. Nudelsuppe,* chicken, Swiss cheese, stewed fruit and much good beer—a feast fit for a king in that forest châlet.

Then off to the Casino, the palatial Conversation House, with its dazzling crystal chandeliers and sumptuously decorated halls, like an old French palace. Here the butterflies used to singe their wings at the fascinating flames of the roulette tables and the polished floors were crowded with green baize tables. Now gambling is more or less *verboten* and you just hear the whisper of the old brilliant days when fortunes were lost at the turn of a wheel and the beauty of the gardens was tarnished by the suicides of broken-hearted losers. There are still

plenty of opportunities for intrepid gamblers and a certain amount of winking on the part of the authorities.

King Jazz syncopated smilingly over the largest of the brilliant rooms and here we joined the sun-tanned crowds dancing the night away. Between times we would wander out into the gardens where seats were set conveniently under the trees. An adjoining restaurant completed the picture of modern Germany's ideal of relaxation—good music, good wine and dancing!

When the quiet of night bathes all in deep purple, Baden is a never to be forgotten sight. Gardens, parks and brilliant avenues are gay with promenaders; little open air restaurants have waiters fluttering from table to table; smiling faces, gleaming white shoulders, the wittiest and prettiest of Europe. Filmy chiffon gowns, the exotic perfume of night flowers, all carried along on the waves of music, form the framework into which brilliant colors of life are sewn in this enchanting corner of the Schwarzwald.

"I don't think," confided Gwendolyn to me that night, as we left them at their door, "I don't think we shall be able to leave tomorrow. We never can tear ourselves away!"

And they didn't. They spent three days with us, including an exciting afternoon at the Iffezheim Race Track and a morning to explore the old

Schloss, where the Lords of Baden used to rule the countryside with an iron hand.

Baden has two castles, the modern one standing in very attractive gardens, just above the Parish Church and *das alte Schloss,* an ancient ruin on top of a wooded hillside with a perfectly wonderful view of the entire country. A long walk upward through avenues of gigantic trees brought us finally to the entrance of this pile, a narrow arched doorway, the first of many leading through a winding passage, flecked with the shadows cast by broken towers and old trees leaning inquisitively over the roofless walls.

"I should like to come up here some moonlight night," said Bob, "when the owls chase their shadows in and out of these old crannies."

Not so the rest of us; the place was eerie enough in the sunshine with its broken stairways and echoing halls. An old woman with a red and black checked skirt and a black tasseled shawl sat in one corner of the ruins at a table spread with pictures and souvenirs—a quaint figure keeping watch over the old gray stones. Beside her sat a dachshund, who roused himself from sleep and looked up expectantly as we passed.

A stroll over the ruined battlements and the forest walks claimed us again. We passed many trampers,

knapsack on back, and every now and again the ringing of hoofs sounded as a party of riders cantered down the forest roads.

We met on the flowered terrace of the Kurhaus for dinner. How can I describe the brilliance of that evening? It seemed as though Baden were outdoing itself. Snatches of witty conversation, ripples of laughter, drifted from every table. Dazzling lights, gowns that had the unmistakable stamp of the exclusive ateliers of Paris, Vienna and Berlin. The gayest, brightest spirits all around! Popping champagne corks snapped through the dreamlike strains of an old Viennese waltz. The world had forgotten to be wise and lived but to enjoy this sunset finish of another happy day. Music in our hearts, we strolled out into the moonlight to the Casino Theatre, where a bright Viennese operetta tripped and sang its way merrily through an hour or two. This theatre was added to Baden's attractions in 1917 and frequently during the season from May to October the best theatrical and operatic performances are given.

After the play we strolled again along the beautiful Lichtenallée, enjoying the peace of the summer night and the musical accompaniment to the laughing, vivacious Baden crowds. Next morning we were up early to say good-bye to Billy and his charming companions, who were hastening back to the quaint old town of Freiburg.

VI

THROUGH THE ENCHANTING SCHWARZWALD

NINE o'clock of a glorious, bright morning, a large motor car drew up under the Stephanie balcony at Baden-Baden. It was a big, gray auto, comfortably upholstered in mottled calf, but to us it was a dream chariot come to take us along the romantic highways and byways of this Schwarzwald. No section is better named than this region of tall, dark fir trees, through which in summer long golden streaks of sunlight sift their way. In winter, when it is a happy playground for visitors who come for skiing and coasting, the snow hangs in great fleecy clouds on evergreen branches, settles on the thatched roofs of cottages and the numerous little inns and rest houses scattered through the forest glades.

The Black Forest is ninety miles long. All the way through you can travel along finely graded macadam roads running through clumps of majestic old trees, where the woodcutter's axe is ever busy lopping off the lower branches, so that the whole forest is neat and tidy.

We had chosen Sunday especially so as to see the

peasants in their picturesque Sunday dress. The Schwarzwald costumes are among the most quaint and colorful to be found in Europe, for these forest villages are far enough away from civilization to keep charming old customs and modes of dress. We watched the peasants walking miles to some hidden village church, whole families with old couples and laughing groups of children. Sometimes a pretty young girl would pass on a bicycle, peddling away—a strange combination of old and new as she flew through the forest—hat streamers floating in the breeze, usually a voluminous skirt, of black or blue cotton, just showing a pair of neat white cotton-clad ankles and heavy shoes, a tight fitting velvet bodice with white puffed sleeves and often a fichu of lovely old lace at the neck. Broad-brimmed straw hats with huge velvet pompoms or neat little straw bonnets were the favorite headgear; sometimes just a handkerchief tied under the chin. Large untroubled eyes would smile. All the faces of these Black Forest peasants seem to wear the same calm expression. Perhaps it is the quiet serenity of their surroundings, the peace and security of their lovely valleys where they live untouched by the rumors and changes that tear into large towns; perhaps it is their native heritage of work and a fertile soil that has made life so simple and happy.

Schwarzwald Costumes, among the Most Picturesque in Europe

Every mile or so we passed a little shrine, each designed according to the concept of near-by peasants. Many were cut into the bark of giant trees, often a simple cross with a figure of Christ under a canopy of carved wood. A bunch of flowers was usually resting underneath. Often a lonely tramper would pause to meditate awhile at the still sanctuary of a forest shrine. We passed one built high, almost in the branches of a towering pine tree. Two little brown birds were resting on the carved roof that protected the figure on this cross. On the ground sat a large hare, with his back to us, gazing upward. All we could see were two tall ears and the stump of a tail, while the hare looked up at the shrine and the two birds gazed down at him. Then the purring of our car broke up this little scene and we were alone in the forest glade.

Often shrines are dedicated to a local saint and some mark the entrance to a farmhouse or a private dwelling. These had all the shades drawn down to mark this day of rest. Houses were clustered together in little villages, but sometimes we saw a lonely farmhouse with low thatched roof, tiny windows in thick plaster walls, supported by heavy oak beams. Many are built like châlets, with overhanging eaves and wooden walls weathered to the shade of a rich old chestnut. Under a single roof the whole family is comfortably housed, with room

for horses, chickens and sheep, if necessary, at the back. Many a farm is built on the slope of a hillside, so that there is a space for storing carts and farm implements and stacks of hay in the open, lower storeys.

Hiking parties wound their way along the forest roads—healthy-looking groups, with bright eyes and bronzed faces, that spoke of hours spent in the sunlit open. And what more ideal surroundings for day or week or month than these wooded valleys with sunshine topping the hills and a trickling stream at your feet? The rivers sing their own songs over the mossy stones, flow into a forest pool and rest awhile, reflecting trees and sky and maybe a passing cloud; then, on again, gurgling into the distance. Softly breezes sing in the branches of the trees and it is easy to believe tales the peasants tell of nymphs that dwell in the dark-hued pines, nymphs that leave their homes on moonlit nights to join gnomes and pixies in a forest dance. Elves and goblins, lost princesses of the Black Forest—you have seen them a hundred times in old tapestries and pictures; when you drive into the Schwarzwald you know that "once upon a time" they were true.

Old monasteries are hidden in the valleys, more often, just the ruins of old church and monks'

dwellings; from time immemorial priests have chosen the loveliest spots of this earth for their meditations.

The lonely solitudes grew ever more impressive as we passed deep ravines, with mountain torrents tearing between purple shaded hills. While there was plenty of road motor company, we continued oblivious of all but the fairied Schwarzwald.

Through three little towns we made our way, each proud of its exquisite setting and each a favorite resort. Offenburg, with its neat gardens and picturesque little homes in a soothing picture of rolling hills. Elzach, set in fields of heathery hillocks with medieval gateways and an old-fashioned church, proudly claims the finest built men and the prettiest women of all the Schwarzwald. Certainly the peasants we saw here were well set up, sturdy-looking folk and the girls seemed to live up to their reputation of loveliness. Very honest and friendly we found them, keeping their link with childhood in many an old legend or a tale of the strange folk that live in their dark forests.

Waldkirch proved a little village nestling between long spurs of the dark purple hills, on one of which is the white ruin of the ancient Castellburg. This little town has for years been famous for its gem-cutting industry. Uncut rubies, particularly

from India and Burma, find their way to Waldkirch and the expert fingers of these German peasants; then they are ready for European and world markets.

The time for Sunday *Mittagessen* was drawing on apace and our chauffeur, who had timed the drive accurately, dropped us at the gate of the Zahringerhof in Freiburg. At this fine hotel, one of the most comfortable and up to date in Germany, we rested awhile, watching the interesting collection of visitors gathered here. The old city is built on a hill, streets cool and watered by little rivulets that tear down from the mountains. This prosperous town has a very famous university and many lovely homes set in tree-lined streets, dominated by a fine twelfth-century Gothic cathedral. Intricate carvings mark towers and walls; the gargoyle hunter may spend an enchanted hour here making the rounds. Kings and demons and angels, beautiful ones, angry ones and laughing ones—nothing was forgotten by the builders of this ancient cathedral.

On through the long afternoon, over excellent roads shaded for miles with laden fruit trees, which serve a double purpose, protection from the sun to the tourist and fruitful returns to the landholder. Often a goat or a cow would be tethered by the roadside, cropping the grass, or a flock of

Red Roofs of Freiberg Clambering into the Black Forest

geese would wander amiably down a village high street.

In one tiny place, hidden from everywhere, we were held up by a peasant procession winding down from an old stone church. A group of confirmants, beautiful young girls, were coming down the steps, two by two. Here we saw Schwarzwald costumes at their loveliest—embroidered waists gay with flowers and beads, wide velvet skirts and the most fascinating headdresses, spread fanwise at the back, made of gold and silver lace decorated with all sorts of colored beads, some gleaming like semi-precious stones. One girl was wearing a kind of flower basket on her head; it was made of lace, too, with an intricate arrangement of red and green glass beads, confining the nape of the neck by an enormous red ribbon bow. Everyone smiled happily and we finally managed to make our way through the crowds.

The roads were beginning to get more and more crowded with autos and trampers, as we neared the forest lake of Titisee, famous for miles around as a popular Sunday resort. The Main Hotel is always filled with visitors and the shady grounds are ideal for picnic parties. In winter it is no less popular as the centre for winter sports. All kinds of skiing contests take place on the steep surrounding hills.

World champions come here to enjoy coasting and skiing by moonlight when the whole world lies under a thick mantle of crisp snow.

We were going through the very loveliest section of the Black Forest, with picture after beautiful picture etched against an azure sky and odd little villages that seemed to have been here forever. Kindly peasants in picturesque homes, with overhanging eaves, tiny windows, often an outside ladder leading from the ground. Each an exquisite little scene, etched in memory.

Then we coasted breathlessly down a steep hill, glad to have an excellent chauffeur, for there were many curves and dangerous corners. This time into the little village of St. Blasien, one of the most healthful resorts in all the Schwarzwald. The houses lie in an amphitheatre of hills, redolent with pine. Centuries ago this spot was chosen by a group of monks, who built here the famous Abbey of St. Blasien and a fine old church.

Every road in the Black Forest leads to the Feldberg, they say, and you do not wonder why, when you reach this ideal place, rising high above the forested slopes, so that on fine days you can see for miles a clear panorama of the Alps, from the Zugspitze to Mont Blanc. Sheltered from the high winds on a grassy plateau is the Feldbergerhof, one

of the most popular hotels in the Schwarzwald, where, all summer long, interesting musicians, artists and writers seek inspiration and health. We were fortunate in securing two comfortable rooms with a long balcony, very like a Swiss châlet, and spent hours here reveling in the exquisite vistas that opened before us.

A walk to the edge of a deep chasm in the hill was awe-inspiring. At our feet a pure white mist stretched far into the ravine, and rose till it covered every mountain peak. All was white, ethereal, silent. We stood in a world of floating mist with no sight of land anywhere. Then a full moon rose, changing the picture into one vast glacier, sparkling, curling in waves, thinning out in long fingers that closed together ever more densely. We wandered homeward thrilled by the splendor.

Sleep was sweet in the châlet room. The pine air floated in and shafts of moonlight danced with the breeze. At four o'clock the next morning the clouds were still covering our world, but by six-thirty we were up and ready, gloriously refreshed, "at the top of the world." My Pal could not wait for the rosy cheeked *Mädchen's "Guten Morgen,"* and hot coffee, but meandered down a narrow corridor with floorboards and walls of scented pinewood to sneak a cold dip. Sunrise, all pinks and purples, lifted the white mists, curling over green valleys. It was cold

and bright up here and we were glad of coats and sweaters on our morning tramps.

Leaving Feldberg, we coasted on the way toward Lake Constance. The roads are lined for miles with avenues of mountain ash, picturesque bunches of brilliant red berries hanging amid feathery green leaves, while the rows of trees seem like uniformed sentries. Through little towns and villages, watching peasant folk busy in fields or little factories, where the famous Black Forest furniture is made—and clocks to tick everybody's time away. Here is the home of the cuckoo clock, that delighted our childhood, and still delights, the world over.

Now and again we would break away from the main road and take a forest track, passing bands of hikers or maybe a gypsy caravan. As evening fell, Constance, built on the shores of the lake, Bodensee, smiled in the sunset. The lake was blue and calm these summer hours and we were surprised to hear that wild storms of rain and thunder often rage. Every fair day pleasure steamers ply this blue inland sea, whose shores are lined with interesting fishing villages and picturesque fields, each with the eternal beauty of an Alpine background.

The old town of Constance nestles in part on narrow arms of land jutting out into the water.

The Exquisite Titisee, near the Feldberg

During its nine hundred years or more, its people have woven many interesting legends and stories. Ruins suggest the stories of old knights and knightly combats and of the quarrels of five enemy brothers, who lived in five castles topping as many hills just beyond the city.

Constance has a wonderful cathedral, that rings to the memory of the Bohemian reformer, John Huss; the townspeople still worship in this fine old church where Huss was tried and from which he was later led out to be burnt at the stake.

The beautiful lake sparkled invitingly under a blue sky. We decided to send the car ahead to Lindau, where we could pick it up for the long drive eastward to Munich, capital city of Bavaria, while we took one of the lake steamers that float you lazily across the Bodensee. Now and again a fishing boat ripples across your track, but little else disturbs your calm enjoyment of the water's blue, the even bluer skies and the distant vision of towering, snow-covered Alps.

Soon we espied the medieval castle of Meersburg, high on a steep rock overlooking the lake, with little cobbled village streets clambering undaunted up the rocky hillside. Like a picture in an old book this castle with its ancient drawbridge! Take time to stroll along the hilly streets to the old cemetery

and see Meersburg's claim to fame, the grave of Mesmer, discoverer of mesmerism.

A little further along the lake is Überlingen, rising from the shores amid peaceful setting of trees and vines. With my glasses I caught a first glimpse of old gables leaning down from tall, old-fashioned, timbered houses, set within the ruins of ancient fortifications and moss-grown walls. Not far away we caught a glimpse of Friedrichshafen, the home of Count Zeppelin and centre of the greatest rigid airship factories in the world.

"There's Lindau!" called someone behind us. I thought it was a mirage at first and could hardly believe my eyes; here was the most picturesque little town coming right out of the blue lake, on a tiny island, against a background of green hills. It was sunset when we arrived and a flaming screen of rose and gold was stretched behind old towers and turrets, that appeared as a clear-cut etching. Next morning the motor rolled us through the heart of this enchanting Alpine country. There was a long valley up into the hills, where dark green meadows stretched beside mountain lakes and gorges with waterfalls tumbled below us. Here is the little village of Oberstdorf, an all year round resort, where visitors flock in winter time for the sports of skiing and mountain climbing.

A wee river, the Iller, wound its way among the

hills, so we followed its twisting path to glimpse glorious views of Alpine ranges topped by the Zugspitze. Kempten, the town, dominates this river valley, with old houses clustering on the lower green slopes and the newer suburbs climbing high above. We arrived late one afternoon when the whole town was bathed in golden light, touching up the old turreted *Schloss*, now turned into law courts, and the dome of the quaint Abbey Church of St. Lorenz. Just in front of the church is the sparkling Hildegard-Brunnen with a statue of Hildegard, Charlemagne's wife, who founded the ninth century abbey.

That night we spent in an old inn built on the site of a medieval castle; from our windows in the early morning, as the mists cleared, the wide panorama of the Alps stretched from the lofty Zugspitze all the way to the Stuiben. This arresting picture was later gradually to unfold before our eyes as we sped through the hills, the scenery getting ever lovelier, one green valley following another, with old walled towns guarding each.

This is the section of health resorts with mineral springs rising to the surface. Towns have grown up about these with hospitals and sanitoria. Wörishofen is one of the most picturesque, a quaint little place built around the ancient Kurhaus Sebastianeum, run by a brotherhood of monks.

The whole countryside is crossed by multitudes of sparkling streams, tumbling their way down from the Alps. Sometimes the water power is used for turning millwheels for toy and furniture works, that lie along the banks. Driving through, we watched factory hands working at long benches before wide open windows. There were rows of girls making dolls, who, as the car slowed down, greeted us with a smile or pleasant word; all the way through southern Germany the old sunny atmosphere of good will and *Gemütlichkeit* welcomes the stranger.

We went over one bridge after another, while below us the water sang on its way and above us the purple shadows of the hills stretched forever into distant blue skies. Many of these hillsides are wooded, with little towns peeping through, an occasional church spire, or old wall reminding us of medieval strongholds.

Set primly on the right bank of the river Lech is the little village of Landsberg, proud of its old-fashioned market place that seems to step straight from the mists of forgotten tales—old towers and arched doorways through which to glimpse a sunny vista of gardens and market stalls.

Nearing Munich the villages are closer together, built along the banks of the winding Lech River. We passed the Cistercian Abbey of Fürstenfeld

with an old church peeping through a garden-park. This is no longer a home for monks but a school for training army officers. A strange thought, to train soldiers in such a peaceful countryside, where for years the quiet monks lived their simple lives!

Across another little stream. The main road winds on and on. Soon in the distance is the green stretch of the Nymphenburg, Munich's picturesque suburb. We cross a wide bridge over the tree-lined Isar River, down a shady boulevard straight into the heart of the Florence of the North, artistic Munich.

VII

MUNICH, FLORENCE OF THE NORTH

JUST passing the railway station, seeing the Munich crowds, we felt at once the wonderful spirit of *Gemütlichkeit* that runs like a subtle undertone through everything one sees or does in the fascinating capital of Bavaria. Under its spell all along, we now accepted with our own brand of American cordiality our welcome with open arms by these easy-going, beauty-loving, Bohemian-hearted Münchener folk. Many of the peasant stock retain their pleasant rusticisms and Old World superstitions, combined with a strain of Tyrolean influence from Austria an hour or so over the border.

But to get back to our railway station—the platform was crowded with happy-faced Münchener families, *Papa, Mutter,* of goodly proportions, a crowd of youngsters all decked out with green Tyrolean hats, feather sticking up jauntily, alpenstock in hand, *rücksack* on back, ready for the day's hike up into the Bavarian Alps. Every summer day crowds leave Munich for their beloved hills, lakes and mountains. We soon found that this was all part of the *Gemütlichkeit.* It must do much to

Munich: The Residenz and the Hofgarten, near the Museum

foster that cheery optimism which seems to fill the very air you breathe in Munich. The distant, snow-capped Alps lure the Münchener upward; and each time he climbs a higher peak he adds a silver decoration to his trusty alpenstock. The forests lure him and the little blue lakes sheltered in the green hills; perhaps it is the romantic call of old history; off he goes on every possible occasion to wander in "God's great out-of-doors." His city, with its many parks and gardens swept by invigorating mountain air, is already two thousand feet above sea level.

Driving along to the hotel our way ran through wide streets with tree-shaded boulevards and many out-of-door dining restaurants. Hansom cabs still jingle through these streets, not easily finding their way amid many fast autos, although the good, old-fashioned Münchener still jogs along today in his courtly looking carriage. Cyclists roll rapidly, most of them wearing the perky little feathered hats that are part of the national costume. We saw these hats everywhere, even crowning elderly gentlemen whose every movement indicated official engagements—gay little green felt hats that made even the unmusical want to burst into a note or two of yodeling!

Munich was crowded with visitors, attracted by the Music Festspiel. We were particularly fortunate

in having our old friend, Billy, here to make all our arrangements. Under his wing the days rolled smoothly by, introducing us to many interesting people in musical circles. In the mornings Billy and his pupils would work while my Pal and I wandered about old Munich. Afternoons and evenings we all met at concert or opera to revel in musical feasts in this rare setting.

A band of musical pilgrims, all friends from America, dubbing ourselves "Billy's Round Table," we met for dinner before or after each performance to discuss or to be enlightened. Billy was a most genial host and anyone lucky enough to be admitted to the Round Table enjoyed the *Festspiel* as no other pilgrim could, I think.

The first evening "Rosenkavlier" was programmed at the National Opera House, the performance beginning at six o'clock; woe betide anyone who is late. Standing outside for the entire act is his impatient fate! We thoroughly appreciated the excellent performance and world-renowned principals. These, the chorus, the orchestra and the feeling of music in Munich wafted us away to other worlds until the curtain fell. Then a touch of informality, for every Münchener takes an interest in his fellowmen.

Just imagine. Everywhere we looked we saw them starting up, turning round with opera glasses,

sweeping the entire audience to view the "who's who" attracted by the festival. Near us was an old lady with thin face and quizzical eyes, gray hair dressed in the style of a generation or two ago, high necked black dress severely cut. She, too, turned and surveyed the audience, her mouth pursed as though weighing our values. Then she turned and gave her glasses to a stout little matron in blue beside her. Up she popped, feet firmly planted on the ground, solid little figure braced well back as she scrutinized row after row. Nor were the men less inquisitive, for they were at it, too, and many a smile and wave of recognition enlivened the intermission. It was a little embarrassing for the visitors, but quite the usual order of events for the Müncheners and in fact at any performance in Germany.

The opera was over at nine-thirty and Billy's pilgrims all made for the Round Table, where we chatted over a pleasant supper table. There were several American singers and music critics, whose work it was to convey the spirit of the old Munich festivals to interested readers at home. I found myself placed next to an interesting member of Munich's musical circles—Anton Von Fuchs, the "Herr Professor." This fine old man had played a sympathetic part in the musical life of Europe for half a century or more and had the keenest insight

into an artist's nature. He was full of fascinating little reminiscences of Materna, Lili Lehmann, Berta Morena and many others who had swept their brilliant pathway across the operatic sky of both hemispheres. It was very illuminating and we were all enchanted with his anecdotes, especially when he began to tell of King Ludwig and of Wagner. Often and often at the National Theatre they would get word that the King was coming. All would go well for the first act, or perhaps the first two and then Ludwig and Wagner would disappear for several hours, so that the opera could not conclude until two or three in the morning.

"Dreadfully trying for the artists," I said.

"Well, perhaps," said the Professor, lifting his hand, "but they knew, too, that the next day each artist would receive a rare jewel in return, for Ludwig was a most generous patron and music his great hobby and joy." Our genial host, the Herr Professor Von Fuchs, had had much influence in shaping America's gift of excellent performances of Wagner.

All kinds of interesting people found their way to Billy's Round Table. One evening I was seated next to a distinguished artist from the Conservatory of Music in Munich. I looked up to the head of the table, where, as usual, Billy's light-hearted witticisms were flying, and found myself looking into

the face of a huge blond giant, a man who towers above all in art as well as stature—Chaliapin!

We were literally drunk with music three wonderful Munich weeks, passing from one interesting group to another. Sometimes a comic opera would be the order of the day, where we followed the light-hearted heroine through her amorous adventures until the villain was successfully foiled and we were released. Comic opera is making great strides in Germany today, though a little Broadway "pep," in the chorus, might be added to turn these little operettas into real "hits."

The finest theatre in Munich is the Prinz Regenten, very spacious and comfortable with seats so arranged that each is like a little private box, commanding an excellent view of the stage. The theatre was patterned after Wagner's own Bayreuth Festspielhaus, with no balconies and just a few boxes at the back of the inclined floor. At four o'clock we settled into our seats to hear the "Meistersinger." Our thoughts flew to Nuremberg and the house we had visited, where Hans Sachs composed his rhymes and hammered his leather. We had heard "Die Meistersinger" many times but never had we so thoroughly enjoyed its humor and melodies as in Munich under the baton of Dr. Karl Muck. This was a rare privilege, principals and chorus giving of their best generously, the stage unfolding to us inspiring

groupings, like old paintings of the past, richly colored as is this music.

During recess all Müncheners repair to a tea garden nearby, there to walk the vine-covered *Allées,* smoke and chat or enjoy coffee and cake in the open.

During the stupendous second act the spell was not broken until the curtain fell for the longer supper interval. Our German digests his music and his food equally well, usually arranging for his supper before he goes into the theatre.

That evening we spent two magic hours in a friend's apartment overlooking the Isar. An old place, with rich embroidered hangings, wall candles in massive holders and a balcony where you could sit and watch the moonbeams on the river. An apartment to dream in, an apartment to create in; and hither our artist had brought the treasures of Italy, which he exhibited prodigally before us. Sitting down at a large Bechstein piano, he wove his magic, enthralling us with his score, almost completed, of an opera of ancient Venice—masks and fiestas, gondolas and lovely ladies flitted before us. A rich baritone hummed through a love song that would melt a heart of stone; then the echoing melodies of his lady, while the swish of waters lapped steps of marble.

Tearing ourselves away, intoxicated by the magic of these music-weavers: for tomorrow was already

with us and old Munich had a dawning fascination all her own.

Munich's most interesting German Museum is an impressive display of original scientific models, so that you can follow the development of Germany's technical art. Here is another side of Munich's complex character, quite apart from music and art in the world of industrial and scientific achievement.

We wandered through the exhibition rooms, much interested in the various models set in motion by attendant experts, marveling the while how such a wide field could be represented in one museum. Here was a model of Krupp's forge; another showing the underground working in mines with iron casting; automobiles, with the first Daimler built in 1885. Back into medieval times, in a room filled with the original instruments of old astronomers and a little observatory with telescopes. We followed the science of sound waves up to its present perfection, in a model laboratory, indicating the latest researches into the worlds of electricity. A glimpse into ancient times again—a charming little room from the Black Forest, showing the art of the Old World watchmakers and spinners. The museum shows a resumé of the tremendous strides Germany has made through the centuries along mechanical and technical lines.

Before the war Munich was one of the great art

centres of Europe, where thousands of artists and musicians made their home; even since the war, no other town in the world has so many students. Her central position, too, has made Munich a good place for collecting antiques. You often find the streets busy with keen-eyed wayfarers, arguing and gesticulating in front of huge plate-glass-windowed shops, displaying paintings and rare objects of art. Connoisseurs from all over peer into her secret recesses. Then, when the heat of argument or the dust of antiques grows too heavy, the whole world hies to a *Biergarten* to wash down quarrels, joys, sorrows and discussions in a tankard, nay many tankards of the foaming, invigorating, frothing drink. The largest of all the gardens is the famous Hofbrau, where we sat under the trees and watched the shaven-headed waiters carrying innumerable steins of frothing, foaming Münchener from table to table. This garden is always filled with students, whose spirits rise to meet the sunshine and then break into song after song, often dancing, through sheer exuberance of heart! Youngsters, too, and many family groups keeping the bustling *Bier Lischen* (waitresses) busy; buxom of form were these girls, and smiling of face, often carrying twelve overflowing steins of beer at once, balancing them safely to their throaty goals.

The sun filters down on your table through the

leaves, an orchestra breaks into old melodies and you lift up your stein with many a cheer for old Munich and its famous beverage.

This threatens to become rather a "beery" narrative, but really the *verboten* liquid is inextricably mixed up in the history of this pleasant town. If you do not like it, skip a paragraph or two to more sedate reading, but if you have ever conjured over the things that are and are to be in a German beer garden, quaffing this frothing drink of the gods, it will bring back dreamy memories—however, each to his taste, and there is no denying the fact that Munich has had so many visitors, particularly from the West, during the last few years that *Bier* waitresses now have little trolleys and bicycles to carry filled steins the faster!

The city's coat of arms is the Münchener Kindl, the figure of a child dressed like a monk, holding aloft a stein of beer. Tradition says that once the Lord visited this earth in the form of this *Kindl* to pour a benediction on the monks of München, the original brewers in the ninth century; this story takes us back in history to the old Tegernsee Cloisters, where a fine brand of beer is still made.

Duke Henry the Lion in the twelfth century was the founder of Munich as a city, building a market square with a mint and then throwing a bridge across the Isar to levy taxes on the salt carried north-

ward from the Reichenhall mines. Later, city walls were built, which marked the boundary up to the nineteenth century. The creator of modern Munich was Ludwig the First, who guided the city to her foremost position as an art centre and whose Alte Pinakothek gallery is one of the finest in the world. Bavarian princes for years had been enthusiastic collectors. In this famous gallery are many Dürer paintings. Here you go to gaze on his "Four Apostles," or "Four Temperaments" with its glorious colorings, brilliant, almost, as the day the master plied his brush. The fusions of light and shade, the depth of sympathy were portrayed when Dürer was strongly under the influence of his friend, Martin Luther.

In the New Pinakothek are the works of the nineteenth-century Munich masters, with many beautiful paintings on porcelain.

From paintings, we wandered into another field of German art, the Glyptothek with its sculptured masterpieces. This museum seems an old Greek temple with mosaic floors and white marble walls, a carved porch and eight columns, in a beautiful green setting. Here Medusa casts her spell on you and the charmingly conceived Barberini faun, after imbibing in true Münchener fashion, sleeps on forever in this hall of Bacchus.

I shall never forget how enchanting it was to

The City Hall of Munich, on St. Mary's Square

wander through Munich's Schack Gallery with its Schwind canvases, that embody all the romance of old Germany and its wealth of olden, almost believable, fairy tales; the "Dance of the Elves," "The Erl King," and the "Youth lying in a wood winding a horn!" flood your mind with the lore of faerieland that has hidden there full many a year.

You feel in Munich an appreciation of culture possible only when the people at large have access to examples of beauty and lofty inspiration. Numerous schools and academies of art have grown up; the Ludwig-Maximilian's University alone lends encouragement to over seven thousand students.

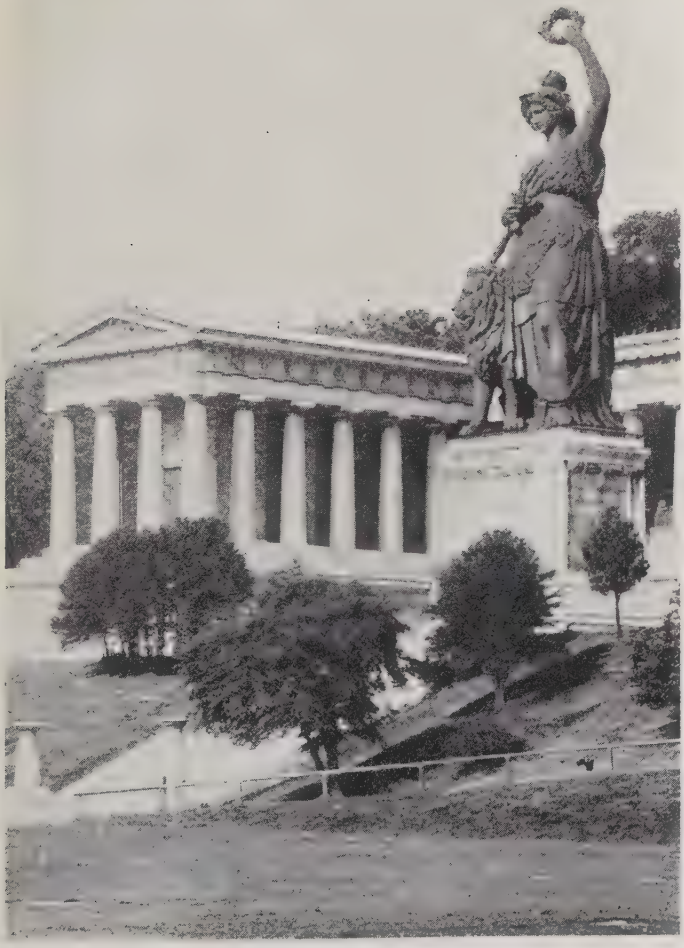
One of the shining lights in Munich's history, a patron of all the arts, was Ludwig the First, to whom Bavaria owes its Alte Pinakothek. But fate did not allow this indefatigable ruler to sail smoothly on, thinking of nothing but statecraft and art, for at the age of sixty the staunch old Bavarian fell before the charms of Lola Montez, who had been born in Ireland and christened—as an ideal of romance—Maria, Dolores, Eliza, Rosanna Gilbert! She was a famous dancer, who had already distinguished herself before Ludwig met her by eloping to India with an army officer, where she staggered society by riding up the mountains from Calcutta to Simla on an elephant. After a hectic career as a dancer in Paris, where she met many interesting

leaders in the world of art and literature, including Dumas Père, she came to Munich and Ludwig. As the king's charmer, she demanded more and more in the way of wealth and honors, each demand being met with vigorous protests from the stern Bavarian government, amazed at the spectacle of the exemplary Ludwig weakly giving way to the wiles of an adventuress. At last the situation grew so strained that Ludwig had to resign the crown—at which juncture the ungrateful Lola faded away to seek pastures new!

So our days passed, each evening enlivened by Round Table episodes and visits to the crowded theatres. One night Professor Von Fuchs, always a charming and welcome guest, joined us after the "Parsifal" he had been conducting. Next morning, the Professor as our guide, we left the hotel, along fashionable Maximilians-strasse to a sixteenth-century court, with a quaint bubbling fountain and arched galleries.

"This is where the old Bavarian nobles used to practise with swords and spears," said the Professor; "all kinds of knightly combats went on, while the ladies of the court and the old burghers applauded from the galleries."

The master knew the history of Munich well and made the very stones live for us, as he took us a-wandering about the old squares and streets. There



Bavaria Statue, in front of the Munich Hall of Fame

was the *Alte Residenz,* the old Royal Palace, first built in the sixteenth century with Hans Krumper's beautiful bronze Madonna shedding her blessing above an ever-burning light. In a walled passage we found the famous Duke Christopher Stone of old legend and read the inscription, telling how the heroic Duke threw the heavy stone the furthest in order to win the hand of a Münchener bride. Nearby is the little Grottenhof, replete with old German charm—a small garden and a shell grotto, a fountain with a bronze Perseus and water that falls over a charming group of water babies holding fantastic fish. Here is Otho the Great of Wittelsbach, in bronze, with the deities of old Bavaria frolicking below him.

"I must take you to the Rathaus," said the Professor; so here we repaired and whistled high up into the vaulted ceiling that has rung to many medieval fêtes. An ancient frieze paints the coats of arms of Bavarian trade guilds on the walls, those powerful medieval unions that banded labor together and gave it position and value. Carved in wood were fifteenth-century dancers, so lifelike and real that they seemed to dance and move, bow and spring in agile fantasy.

The modern *Rathaus* is in the heart of the city, the Marienplatz. You go up to the tower and gaze far and wide over Munich to the distant blue Alps,

not forgetting to spend a few moments, if you time your visit properly, with the great mechanical clock, whose moving, jousting figures perform their antics at eleven in the morning and seven-thirty and nine-thirty in the evening.

We felt as though we were actually living through the old days (as we wandered in Munich with our friend)—days when the Müncheners still clung to legends and superstitions, rooted in old religious beliefs.

Many of these tales revolve about the Frauen-Kirche with its two towers, capped by quaint roofs, that the students say are symbolic beer-mugs. The sexton of this church was a kindly old man. We found him standing with his large feet firmly planted on the stones, while the sun beamed down upon him through one of the high, stained-glass windows, bringing out the color of the blue gown hanging to his ankles. Soon we drew him on to tell us of the Cathedral legends, how once an old king was found in the wall of the choir sitting upright years after he was buried. Then he showed us the famous devil's footstep under the organ loft. The story runs that in the course of his work the architect, one Ganghofer, came to a snag and could not go ahead. In despair he invoked the devil, making an agreement with his satanic majesty, who offered his help if the Cathedral were built so that the light

of God could be kept out. Ganghofer agreed and went on with the building, putting in the splendid sixty-five-foot-high stained-glass windows that we were now admiring. As he worked the devil chortled.

"Ah," quoth he, "you have failed!"

"Wait," said the wily architect, "follow me, sir," and he brought the devil to the organ loft, from which no window at all could be seen. The devil swept his eyes over the scene, swished his tail, but all in vain. With a stamp of his cloven hoof he marked the footprint, which you see today, and vanished.

Many are the festivals that have grown out of ancient customs which still delight gay-hearted Müncheners. There is the old Schäffler Tanz, celebrated every seven years, when the townspeople dance through the streets in Old-World costumes of long white hose, doublets and hats with trailing feathers, in remembrance of the plague of 1517. It was then, when the people lay dying and fearful, that the Guild of Coopers tried to restore hope by organizing a carnival in the stricken village.

Stroll down the Kaufinger-strasse to Marienplatz to the famous Fisch-Brunnen in bronze, the scene of the ancient Metzgersprung or Butchers' Dance. Here the graduating apprentices were pronounced real butchers, baptized in the sparkling

waters of the Fish Fountain with strange old ceremonies.

A column sacred to the Virgin Mary stands in this square and all religious Munich flocks here in the Corpus Christi processions that leave the Frauenkirche and wander through the streets to encircle the square. White-robed girls with flowers and candles lead the way, brilliant student bands with bright caps and banners, archbishops and dignitaries and last of all hosts of citizens.

On Sunday peace dropped her restful mantle over the crowded Munich streets. We sat in our comfortable room in the hotel, three large windows overlooking the park, while we tried to catch up with laggard correspondence. The Sunday crowds were beginning to stroll along the graveled walks and under the shady trees below us. Through the clear air, bright with sunshine, we caught strains from Munich's old churches. St. Peter's, the oldest of them all, rang forth a message; soon the choir of mellow boys' voices and the deep, sonorous notes of the basses and baritones would send echoes of old chorals into the shadowy square.

That day at lunch the conversation at Billy's Round Table swept Wagner-wards again and someone suggested that we see King Ludwig's Castle.

"I should like to visit Neuschwanstein before going to Bayreuth!" I said.

"You shall, dear lady," said darling Billy. (He was "darling Billy" to all the "pilgrims" and his pupils, too!). "We'll drive up tomorrow."

Twelve of us started out in two cars early next morning, our thoughts filled with poor Ludwig and his passion for solitude, a solitude where he could isolate himself with his love for music in some lovely spot among the hills, and live unmindful of the duties of a king.

We were speeding through charming little villages, the scenery getting more and more impressive as we reached the Bavarian Alps and began the long climb into the mountains. Vast chains of hills rose one above the other, with valleys and blue lakes hidden in their depths. Excellent roads carried us to Hohenschwangau with its ancient citadel. From here we gazed across to another mountain peak, topped by the fairy palace of Neuschwanstein, standing high on a rocky precipice, towering as far as the eye could reach into the distance. Below a roaring mountain stream sings its eternal song and lakes, fringed with trees, reflect the exquisite tints of sky and hills.

Our pleasant morning drive ended with luncheon

at the Alpenrose Hotel in Hohenschwangau. This comfortable place, with excellent service and food, has become quite famous in Bavaria. It needs none of the sport attractions of golf and tennis, for here you could easily spend several weeks and not tire of resting in the pine-scented air, walking through these glorious hills and refreshing body and mind in the surrounding beauty.

The road, hewn out from the mountainside and winding clear up to the summit, is extremely steep. Perhaps the people of this region like to give the mountain horses a chance to hold their own against the on-sweeping autos!

Up, up, up, the view getting ever more magnificent until you wonder how Ludwig could have lost his mind in such a restful spot; none but a master artist could have selected such a place. Towering snow-capped Alps, innumerable ranges stretching on into infinity. All around, miles of forests, through which the mad king was wont to take his midnight rides, crossing chasms with such terrific speed that the coachman was shaken with terror and the horses arrived home panting and frothing.

In the foreground of this beautifully forested region are two blue lakes. This was the spot chosen by romantic Ludwig to build his castle of pure white unpolished marble, quarried from the very moun-

tain on which it stands. Here, hidden in the heart of the mountains, his dream came true, his plan of combining the home of an old feudal prince with a dwelling suitable for the heroes of Wagnerian romances. The legends of the Nibelungen, Lohengrin and Parsifal would here be real for Ludwig. He could hear the Valkyrie call and watch their flight across the heavens. Wagner, who inspired the greatest love of Ludwig's life, used to sit in the huge music salon, playing for his solitary listener all the melodies called into being by this fantastic setting.

The castle itself tells the tale of Ludwig's infatuation. You wander through room after room, richly decorated with exquisite murals and frescoes from Wagner's operas. Each room takes its motif from a different opera, each was designed by a different artist. Ludwig's study has the story of Tannhäuser, the sitting room Lohengrin and the Gothic bedroom the love story of Tristan and Isolde. Ludwig's bed alone must have kept ten workmen busy for as many years, so intricate is the carving on the sides and beautiful, overhanging canopy. Tapestries, chairs and curtains repeat again and again the swan motif, since Lohengrin, more than all the others, had captivated the mad king's fancy.

Lagoons, swans and trees are artistically blended in the decorations. The Festsaal, breathing of Parsifal, most splendid room of all, is the mecca for

Wagner lovers. Our party, having several young singers, did not lack music. They simply could not resist this inspiration, their rich young voices breaking into appropriate airs as we wandered from one room to the next. It was novel and delightful thus to hear echoes of familiar scores.

Our eyes were beginning to be dazzled by all this golden splendor, the colors on the walls, the massive crystal chandeliers with thousands of sconces for candles. It was Ludwig's great joy to wander into the woods on a still night to look at his fairy palace moonlit with enchanting brilliance and splendor.

From the windows we gazed out to the restful peace of nature, sunshine gleaming on pine woods, distant giant peaks, exquisite lakes or little mountain streams, that make their way along mossy beds, bordered by wild flowers.

Whichever way you turn in these woods you glimpse through the trees the turrets of Neuschwanstein. Ludwig was no miser when he built his castle in the Alps. The Bavarian treasuries were almost bankrupt with his extravagances. So, it is rather a fine thing today to see the Bavarian people getting a little return from visitors in the way of fees.

Reluctantly we turned our backs, wishing many times that we could come back in a few hundred years to see how the old castle looked when a little

of its brilliance had worn off and time's gentling hand had joined the magic of winds and storms to mellow the glittering splendor of King Ludwig's Neuschwanstein of today.

"Do you know there is an English garden here, planned by an American?" said Billy to me at one of the Round Table luncheons. His description sounded so attractive that we all left that afternoon to find this *Englischer Garten.*

Down modern Prinz-Regentenstrasse and Königinstrasse to a vast park, six hunderd acres in extent that seemed, on first entering, very like the Bois de Boulogne in Paris. Under the avenues of fine old trees the Müncheners take their summertime walks. The park has two rivers, tributaries of the Isar, crossed by picturesque bridges. Past a sparkling artificial cascade we strolled; in the distance was a tiny islet with a Chinese tower, round which all kinds of rare waterfowl and little birds flutter. Boating in summer, skating in winter, little restaurants and a quaint old Milchhausl add to the charm of this beautiful old park.

Munich has borrowed a leaf from Paris in her Nymphenburg Gardens, a German Versailles, planned at the west end of the city in the tiny village of Nymphenburg. We motored out here on a perfect blue and gold summer afternoon, enjoying

the picture of old castle buildings, an imposing façade nearly seven hundred yards long, and many galleries, canals and ponds where the court ladies and their lords would dream through the hours in painted gondolas.

Through the gardens we wandered, appreciating their well ordered informality—clipped hedges cut into birds and animals, the marble figures and tall urns, the fountains that splashed no matter which way you turned. There was the old Magdalen Chapel built, we were told, to resemble an ancient ruin, and a charming little garden house, the dainty Amalienburg. Beyond was the Royal Porcelain Factory, now owned by a private family, and the Hirshgarten, where we watched German youngsters feeding tame white deer, just as we had once watched little slant-eyed children feeding dappled deer in the Nara Park of Japan. Only here the deer had not been trained to bow their thanks, as they do in the land of flowery courtesy! But it was fun to watch the little Münchener kiddies with their bags of cakes and happy laughter. Back they would run, to and fro among the trees, finally tumbling down into the family group happily ensconced in the grass. Being Bavarians and Müncheners, of all people, it was not long before the forest groves were ringing with songs from lusty groups. On and on the choruses echoed,

while even the white deer halted in their browsing, perhaps, to lift an appreciative ear!

At the Round Table that evening after the opera we made serious plans for our visit to Oberammergau. There was attendant excitement next morning when we started off. The "Bunch," with suitcases, looked expectantly radiant for us as we rolled away.

VIII

THE PASSION PLAY AT OBERAMMERGAU

Up, up, up through the rolling Bavarian hills we climbed, sometimes to such dizzy heights it seemed we must touch the brilliant blue heavens. Sometimes a steep descent dropped us through piny gorges with a sparkling mountain cascade below us. Pine woods stretched for miles above, around, in front and on every side, filling the air with invigorating scents—woods that turned gray and golden and brown in the sunshine.

Two autos took our little party along these fine roads to Oberammergau, ten of us altogether, gay boys and girls in the front car and my Pal and I, with a few others slightly older but none the less light-hearted, in the next—a jolly party, all thrilled with the thought of visiting the little Passion Play village for the first time.

"Over there lies Oberammergau," said our Bavarian chauffeur, pointing to a huge, picturesque mountain range, one of many that unfolded in picture after picture until lost in the far, blue, hazy beyond. There it was, nestling in the quiet, exquisite

The Passion Play Village in the Bavarian Alps

Bavarian Alps, this little city that breathes peace to body and soul.

Mountain towns were becoming further and further apart, pine forests denser and denser, as we neared the lower Ammer Valley and climbed the green hill toward the city "circled by a thousand hills," hidden in the heart of the mountains. Now the fragrant meadows spread out on either hand, seeming to catch the blue of the skies and the green of the hills in their gay carpets of wild flowers. It was late afternoon when we arrived; the sky, beginning to flame in the glory of sunset colors, lighting on a huge cross set atop a mountain to symbolize the spirit of this intensely religious community.

As we neared the village the outstanding building was the large outdoor theatre, that sends its call the world around and back. At once we felt the spell of this quiet place, with its clear river that flows down from the mountains and peacefully on through green fields, unmoved by the spectacle of visitors coming and going at the rate of ten thousand or more a day. We drank in the atmosphere of joyous, bustling life that imbues these quaintly straggling streets, these neat, old-fashioned houses, clean and homey, painted white or pink, generally with elaborate frescoes of religious subjects in colorful pictures; many a haloed saint looked out from a bower of flowers. We were surprised with the sim-

plicity of it all. The little houses were often set directly on the dirt roads, where at all hours tiny girls with blond braids were busy with twig brooms brushing away fallen leaves from garden boxes of blooming flowers. Flowers greeted us everywhere. Carved balconies blossomed with trailing greenery. Window boxes were gay with geraniums, roses and petunias. No two houses seemed quite the same, though all were scrupulously clean and dainty looking.

The old square was a brilliant picture of busy life; a lively little town this, with low, old-fashioned carriages and people and many simple shops, showing the native handwork of the peasants and pictures of the famous Passion Play. Crowds of visitors, eager-eyed, deeply impressed by the spirit of the place, were wandering into the shops or standing in little groups talking, while around them surged the countryfolk, clad in their best in honor of the festivals. The women wore long full skirts, red or blue or black, and clean aprons, bright colored kerchiefs crossed over the breast with a crucifix caught through the knot. Then the men, in homespun breeches and short jackets; all wore heavy stockings, made from the wool of their own mountain sheep, and heavy, hob-nailed shoes.

Every house and inn were filled to capacity, with five or six thousand people coming and going for

each performance. Each bed, we found, was sold with full *pension* and each was allotted a theatre ticket. This is a great convenience to visitors, since everywhere in this Bavarian village the same scrupulous cleanliness and wholesome fare seem to be the order of the day. Thus it is a simple matter to have every comfort the place affords arranged. There is one hotel and several *Gasthäuser* (inns) but by far the most interesting way is to get rooms in one of the peasants' homes, where the presence of a few chickens and ducks in the next room to yours but adds to the friendly, Old-World Bavarian peasant atmosphere!

THE PASSION PLAY OF 1930

Again Oberammergau is humming with activity in preparation for the coming of hundreds of thousands of visitors, who will flock there this summer of 1930.

For the last six months there has been little else thought of or discussed in the village homes. There are hundreds of round-eyed children who have heard of this great event almost from the day they were born, but have never yet seen the wondrous pageant. This year, perhaps, they are acting in it themselves. If not, there are brothers and sisters to watch, scampering off to school, chattering about rehearsals and trials! Little boys, growing more old-

fashioned in looks every day, as their hair grows and tumbles over their shoulders in curling flaxen ringlets. Months ago the decree went forth that barbers were to cease clipping so that all might be in readiness, looking their parts to the very life. Gardens and beer taverns, hillsides and workshops have been transformed into a likeness of the little country beyond Jordan, where men with flowing beards and wind-ruffled tresses wander. Fishermen, woodcarvers, innkeepers, gardeners are one with the worshiping followers of the Galilean prophet, two thousand years ago!

For weeks magazines and papers in the far corners of the earth have been showing pictures of this year's cast and little scenes of long-haired children scampering about the streets of the village we remember so well from 1922.

THE CAST

There are changes this year, that have been under consideration and discussion for months by the Passion Play Committee; in October, 1929, the parts were finally allocated in preparation for the 1930 performance. The Oberammergau townsfolk have been rehearsing and acting their own little peasant and miracle plays, producing them in the village theatre. Here is a rare opportunity for the discovery of new talent and here this year's "Virgin Mary"

was found. This is, of course, the most sacred of all the women's rôles and to play it is an honor longed for by all the sweet-faced girls of Oberammergau. Talent and absolute purity of character are requisite, for in her face the world must read its ideal of the Mother of Christ!

There are always several candidates under trial. This time the choice fell, quite unexpectedly, on Anni Rutz, a slim young blonde, whose fine acting in the peasant plays last winter attracted great attention. Unlike most of the players, Anni has not lived in Oberammergau all her life, for she was educated in a school near Munich and later attended a convent in one of the towns of the Rhine Valley. Her father was a bookseller. After his death Anni tried to keep the shop, but it was too hard a task for this slip of a girl. She had to take a position in a local mill, while her mother opened up a little confectionery store. When the chance came, her musical training stood her in good stead, her fine voice and rare talent fitting her admirably for the important rôle.

Guido Mayr, the striking Judas of 1922, is again playing his arduous part, but the Christus is a new one. Anton Lang was first chosen when he was only twenty-five years old; he portrayed the central figure of the world's sacred drama in the 1900, 1910 and 1922 performances. He is beloved of thousands

the world over for the beauty, simplicity and majesty with which he endowed this rôle. His has been a unique life; ever before him the ideal conception, the touchstone of his daily actions. No man may play even the smallest part in the Passion Play if there is a breath of dishonor against his name; how much more stringent are the requirements for the most sublime character of all! This year another Lang is impersonating Christ—Alois, who understudied the part last time but had no opportunity to play it. He is a young woodcarver, in private life deeply interested in bee culture, and famous in Oberammergau for the beauty of his sacred statues and images of Jesus. Into them he put his ideal of the character that at last he is called upon to play for the world. He is a tall young peasant, thirty-eight years old, with fine features, wavy brown hair and the quiet expression of strength we have come to expect from an Oberammergau Christus. As well as understudying Anton, he played the part of the High Priest in the 1922 performance.

This year his interpretation of the sacred rôle differs from that of Anton. From rehearsals it has been seen that his artistic conception tends toward the commanding, regal Christ portrayed by Joseph Mayr, Anton's predecessor. The power of an inner vision speaks through each vital gesture and impres-

The Passion Play: Christ Enters Jerusalem

sive line and the entire village is unanimous in its praise of his powerful and understanding interpretation. Anton will not be missing altogether from the cast, for he is following the traditional path of those who have played the central rôle and is reciting the Prologue. John, the beloved disciple, is another young member of the "royal" Lang family, Hans, also a young woodcarver.

Though the story changes little with the years, Oberammergau is moving with the times in regard to the actual technique of production. The play that began in a churchyard is this year to be presented in a splendid new playhouse, a theatre that cost a million marks to build and will seat 5,500 spectators. All kinds of improvements have been carried out with respect to seating and lighting. The back of the stage is still the inspired scenery of the natural setting of Bavarian hills and forests, but the central portion is roofed over with glass. The changing scenes are arranged on rollers underneath the stage and can be rapidly adjusted. A wheeled platform is provided for the orchestra so that in rainy weather they can be run quickly under shelter. But the spirit of the play is untouched, the seven hundred performers are true to the promise of their forefathers.

We are on the eve of the date set for the opening,

which will be followed by two performances a week from May to September. Oh, for a peep into Oberammergau these days! From the highest to the lowest the excitement of their offering is tingling through every thought, every movement. Seven hundred in the cast. What of the rest of the inhabitants, those who "only stand and wait?" We found in 1922 what every visitor this year will find without a shadow of a doubt—the rest of the village plays a fine and generous rôle in seeing to the happiness and comfort of those drawn hither from the ends of the earth!

Fast trains, autos and comfortable, up-to-date buses will run through the most beautiful part of Bavaria to and from Oberammergau, along a valley once a Roman highway, through the quaint little towns of Garmisch and Partenkirchen, early Roman settlements. Both these towns have wonderful mountain views and with their fresh, sparkling air, are favorite resorts, where one can watch the climbers wandering up hill and down dale, knapsack on back; or sitting awhile beside one of the picturesque mountain lakes that dot the whole region. A little further on is Walchensee, one of the largest and most beautiful of the Bavarian lakes, caught in the green lap of the mountains, close to the Austrian border. The scenery grows ever more inspiring

with its towering mountains and unending panorama of green ranges, touching the clouds above in the mighty crags of Zugspitze.

Then on through little lake towns and villages where you are greeted by the voices of friendly little youngsters, ever ready to smile and wave. "*Grüss Gott, grüss Gott!*" rings through this land as they throw great bunches of Alpine flowers into motors and buses. Drink in this mountain air, thrill with the beauty of Bavaria! It will impress deeply and you will ponder and think back often to the unforgettable scenes of Oberammergau.

THE OBERAMMERGAU OF 1922

Our little pink and white house in the Oberammergau of 1922 had spotless white curtains and a blue and gold picture of the Virgin and Child painted on the outside wall (which we first saw caught in the rays of the setting sun, turning their haloes into living gold) while the window box of red roses at Our Lady's feet spilt over in fiery, glowing crimson. It was inspiring; we were glad that we were to sleep in the little room just above this shrine.

As we arrived we heard the bugle calls and flutes and drums of the theatre orchestra echoing through our square, a merry brass band playing peasant melodies along the sunny streets. They were fol-

lowed by carriages, autos and townsfolk dressed in the beautiful costumes of the play. We were told that this procession through the town followed the closing of the play every afternoon at six; the custom was most impressive to the onlooker. It seemed as though the whole village, with a goodly number of tourists, dogs, cats and chickens were joining in the procession. Most of the men and boys, like the women, had long flaxen hair curling over their shoulders, as in the play; among them we could pick out some of the Apostles, the women of Jerusalem and other well known Biblical characters.

When the last little group had swung by, we knocked on the low, hand-carved door of our house and were greeted by our hostess, Frau Junge, a beaming, round-faced old lady, wearing a huge blue and white checked apron. She had seen five different performances of the Passion Play, covering half a century, and had much to tell of the preparations and the tremendous enthusiasm that everyone in the village feels for his inherited art and mission. One look into the faces of these peasants tells you of the idealism burning in their hearts, each one striving to emulate the holy characters in his daily life, so that he may be accounted worthy to take part. The greatest earthly honor in Oberammergau is to portray the character of Christ and this, like most of the rôles, is usually the heritage of a particular

The Passion Play: Christ before Pilate

family, who have carried the torch from early days. Since 1633 Oberammergau has re-lived the passion of Christ every decade in gratitude for the protections the city received during the Black Plague.

AN OBERAMMERGAU KITCHEN

A peep into the kitchen where Anna Junge is busy, sleeves rolled up above her smooth elbows, her blond hair an aura of glory, her pretty face flushed with bending over the wood stove, at the baking board. A pleasant aroma of good things for supper filled the neat kitchen, with its rows of polished copper pots and iron pans, its old wall clock ticking loudly and cages of singing canaries. Herr Junge appeared at the kitchen door with a fine head of cauliflower in his hand. It was good to see this hale and hearty peasant, sixty years old, well nigh six feet tall, his curly beard still showing reddish tints, his blue eyes sparkling with the sheer joy of life, his face and hands brown and vigorous! Then in bustled little Hedwig and Hans, still in their play aprons, both with long flaxen hair and round, rosy faces.

"See, this is our Hedwig!" said Frau Junge, beckoning to her twelve-year-old daughter. "She is very serious now, eh, Hedwig?" and her mother patted the blond head nearly touching her own.

Hedwig bobbed us a curtsy and scampered out

again and up the shallow wooden stairs, where we could hear her calling out to Hans, following her and singing snatches of an old yodeling song.

"All my children have acted in the Passion Play," said Frau Junge proudly. "The last time Anna, here, was one of the children at the feet of our Saviour and my son, Max, he was a Roman soldier. *Ach,* but he looked splendid in his uniform; now he is in Munich at the university and Anna is to be married next month!"

So, the whole life of this simple woman was naturally centered in the play that was the root and heart and soul of her faith.

After supper we wandered out into the square and, taking Frau Junge's advice, bought a cushion each for a mark to use at the performance next day, since bare benches alone are apt to get a little hard after four hours' sitting. It was a delight to move among these friendly villagers and the crowds of children all imbued with the desire to make their town, their music and their play a success. During the ten years that elapse between each performance, Oberammergau is a quiet, healthful little place, where the townsfolk go about their simple ways. The visitor gets a glimpse of native industries, ivory and wood carving, furniture and pottery making. If you happened to stroll through Oberammergau between times you would probably glimpse the

serene-faced Anton Lang, the former Christus, in his cotton smock, working in his studio, turning out fine pieces of pottery, just as his fathers did before him; or, mayhap, Alois Lang, the present Christus; or "St. Peter," again, would be your host in his little workshop, busily planing wood. You realize that these people have their daily industries, as well as their religious activities and ethereal atmosphere.

Standing before a little store, displaying the beautiful faience work of the Lang family, we heard a familiar voice behind us, the last voice in the world we had expected to hear in Oberammergau. Turning round, we found an old friend, a New York doctor of divinity, a very splendid worker for the good of mankind in America; a man of broad experience, an intelligent and cultured Rabbi. There and then we adopted him into our party, smiling the while to think we had kidnapped a Jewish Rabbi, in Oberammergau of all places!

A little stroll through the streets, where we met our bunch of youngsters on their way to visit one of the little inns before turning in. Then with a word to the wise about the early start of the Play next morning, we turned slowly back through the balmy night to Frau Junge's house. At the foot of the shallow stairway was Anna, looking like a maiden in an old Rhine legend, as she stood with her soft blue eyes smiling into ours and her long blond

plaits falling over her shoulders. In her hands were two candles, stuck in earthenware holders, which she presented to us.

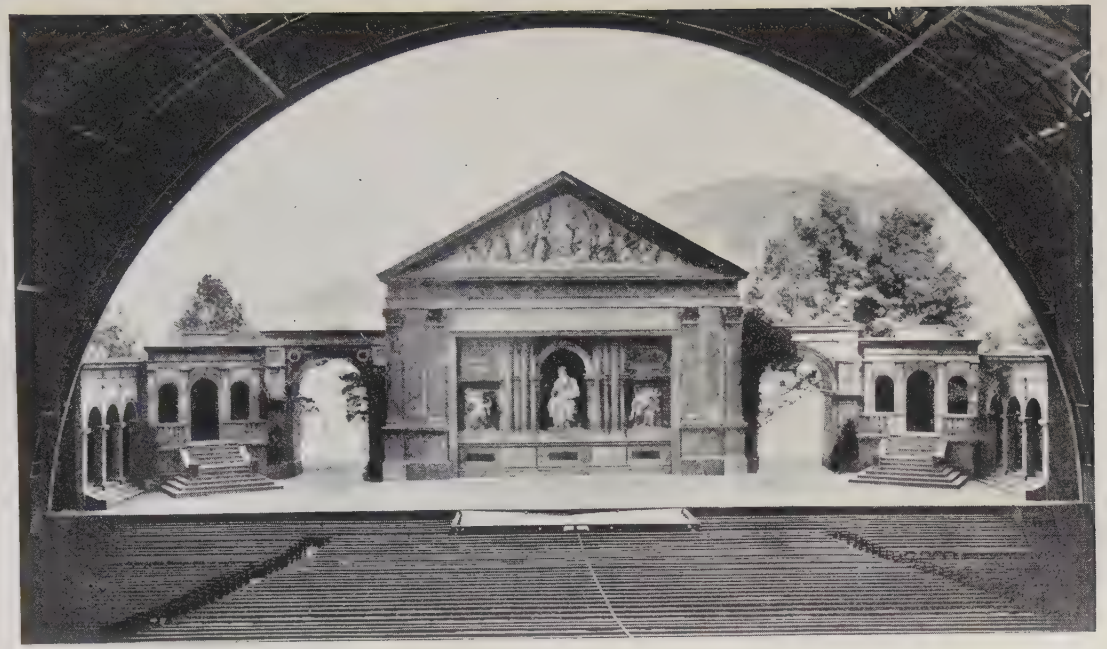
"*Grüss Gott, schlafen sie wohl, gnädige Herr, gnädige Frau!*"

"*Grüss Gott, gute nacht, Anna.*"

"*Grüss Gott, gute nacht!*"

Anna disappeared, while we climbed the little flight of stairs to our room with its spotlessly scrubbed floor, comfortable wooden cots, ample featherbeds and general atmosphere of clean German well-being. The windows were open and the roses from the shrine below sent us up sweet breath, which we sniffed gratefully. The little village of Oberammergau slept with but a few twinkling lights and an occasional burst of music. Soon all was quiet, as the day's work for actors, townspeople and visitors, too, begins at dawn.

At five in the morning a dozen sets of chimes rang out, announcing that we were all in a city devoted to religion and religious memories. This was the call to Early Mass and we pictured devout peasants making their way up the hill to the little steepled church, to receive inspiration for the great pageant they were to enact. The sad, religious toned chimes went on but we turned over for another rest. Six o'clock; the bells of the whole town pealed



Oberammergau Theatre, with Its Outdoor Stage and Covered Auditorium
Statue of Moses by Michael Angelo Dominates Centre

out, "Now, you stay-abeds, up, up—time to rise, time to rise!" And so it was, unless you happened to be up already, which of course you should be, with a walk up the hillside and a bunch of *Alpen Blumen* to show the world at breakfast!

I opened the tiny casement window on to the square. Opposite, in the front porch of the Gasthaus, where climbing honeysuckle and boxes of blooming petunias fashioned the side walls of the plain awning, Lischen was speeding a brand new broom. The dust of the marching hosts of the night before had left a slight imprint. She sang merrily, keeping time with her broom. Everyone else was busy getting ready for breakfast. How happy they looked, clean and fresh and wholesome in the morning sunshine, especially the girls in their white kerchiefs and bright cotton gowns!

Seven-thirty is the last possible moment for breakfast, as the performance begins at eight sharp. Down in the dining room we found Frau Junge and Anna bustling about with delicious steaming coffee, homemade bread, eggs and butter as yellow as fields of real buttercups. At our window table we met an interesting singing teacher from South Africa, who was spending a vacation in Europe and realizing the fulfillment of years of longing in these few days in Oberammergau.

It is quite an adventure to wander through the

streets. Chinese, Indians, Negroes, French, Dutch, Americans, all are attracted by the sincere spirit of these mountain Christians. No matter what your convictions, what your faith, there is something here above dogma, the deepest responses of a human soul. When we meet it our heads are bowed, our hats are lifted. This is greatness and commands a world's respect.

At seven forty-five we were on our way to the theatre, mingling with the crowd; every eye that peered into ours seemed bright with an inner glow, a soul into whose depths the spirit of Oberammergau had sunk!

Halting for a moment at a side stall, I replenished my Schwarzwald basket with apples and chocolate (for who knows, perhaps the inner man gets hungry in this mountain air). Streams of people flocked with us, all intent on arriving in time; the whole city, the whole world, it seemed, and the heavens themselves were agog with the spirit of this mighty spectacle we were about to witness.

THE THEATRE

Soon we came to the huge outdoor theatre built in 1900 and remodeled since then to seat more and more people. Between five and six thousand were assembled when we were there, the audience cov-

ered by a canopied roof, the stage and part of the orchestra in the open, with the mountain scenery and great wooden cross clearly visible. There were a few boxes at the back of the hall, the centre benches the First Class, graded toward the sides up to the Fifth Class. But from every seat a good view of the stage is possible; so for quite a small sum the poorest enjoy this wonderful pageant that has stirred the world for centuries.

While the rest of the audience were filing in, our thoughts wandered to the early days of this play, born of a city's gratitude. We remembered the little monastery at Ettel, further up in the mountains, whose monks had written the original text. Here, by the way, is an old church with a marvelous dome, through which the light shines with an awe-inspiring radiance, a dome that is supposed to have given Wagner the idea of the "Holy Grail." Now, Ettel is noted chiefly for a particularly fine chartreuse made there. The Passion Play was re-written in later years by the Parish Priest and the present music composed by the village schoolmaster, Rochus Dedler in 1814. . . .

But, hush all thought, the play of plays, the greatest and earliest drama, is beginning!

The orchestra swells into an overture that lifts every thought into alignment. Slowly the spokesman and the chorus enter, fifty men and women in

the costumes of Bible days, white gowns with beautiful colored throw-overs. Most of the women and some of the men have long hair, chiefly blond, though we notice graybeards and one or two curly red heads. The voices are not cultivated, but by that very fact are somehow more real, a more wonderful outdoor chorus. The principals, the bass and baritone, were, we felt, very good and an excellent tenor voice, that sang out in heart-searching melodies, gripped our hearts. The soprano and contralto added their share to an excellent ensemble.

Back of the chorus was the stage, where the tableaux were presented—each event in Christ's life prefaced by a living picture from the Old Testament, ancient prophecies in natural postures foretelling the moving scenes to follow. These were shown against the background of an old religious painting, with Michel Angelo's "Moses" as the central figure, dominating and inspiring the whole. The blending of chorus, orchestra, actors and living pictures was so stupendous and harmonious that we felt we ourselves were living through these great scenes, following the rise and fall of dramatic climaxes with our own souls—the sense of an old Greek drama melting into the heights and depths of a great and moving opera, so that every emotion was wakened, every thought quickened to respond to the tremendous scenes.

Thus unfolded the greatest of all stories, the life of Jesus made vital by fine-souled Bavarian peasants for three centuries, an exacting part, wonderfully portrayed, especially during the suffering scenes with the cross. The difficult rôle of Judas was splendidly enacted by Guido Mayr. Each characterization was stamped with sincerity—the fiery and impetuous St. Peter, John, the Beloved, with the sad and gentle face, Pontius Pilate, the repentant Magdalene and the eager-eyed, bright-faced children. This was not acting, this was reality!

Spellbound by the sincerity of the mighty spectacle, we could not believe we had been here four hours, watching simple village peasants. The entire audience was under the same spell, held absolutely silent by the majesty of intense feeling. Here were people of every creed, Christians, Mohammedans, Jews, Hindus, Buddhists—hardly a nation or sect was not represented. Every face wore a rapt expression of deep attention; not a soul thought of going out or moving; the turning of a page of the program was like a rustling of wings.

Not until the twelve o'clock recess did we realize that we had been sitting so long on these wooden benches. Our little party met and for two hours enjoyed each other's mental impressions. We had all been deeply touched. But how hungry we had become despite our absorption in the play! Seven

o'clock breakfast seemed a long way back as we met round Frau Junge's board to enjoy an appetizing dinner of wholesome country dishes, whose secrets German *Hausfraus* had passed from mother to daughter. We were drinking coffee with good Bavarian pastry, as the crowds were already filing past our windows; soon we joined them to be back in our seats at two o'clock.

The orchestra again preluded the beginning of the most moving scenes in the holy Passion of Jesus, reaching solemn and exalted heights, heart-rending in their majestic simplicity, their sublime pathos, so that many in the audience shed their tears with those of the broken-hearted women gathered at Jesus' feet.

Looking back, we realize the artistry of staging and production, the skillful way in which group scenes were handled, six hundred village actors, each part of the great whole. One by one we recognized in the tableaux copies of famous works of old masters, true in line and color to the pictures we had loved for years. The Last Supper was an exact replica of Leonardo da Vinci's painting in Milan.

During the afternoon rain began to fall, seeming in some subtle way to deepen the illusion, so that we watched play and players through a mist; a thin veil thrown across the brilliant scenes, emphasizing

the spirituality and the ages down which this story has come to us. The drama swept on to its inspired culmination in the Resurrection Scene. Strange to say, the sun broke through the heavens as Jesus rose. Never had we witnessed anything quite so wonderful as that impressive moment. Our hearts rose, too, drawn by the ethereal beauty and wonder of it all.

At six o'clock the play was finished. A sigh of appreciation seemed to flow out from the whole audience before it rose to leave.

Each visitor goes, feeling that he can be more sincere in his own faith and the light within his own soul more clear, since he has watched these peasants reenact the beautiful things that have come through the centuries from the life of Jesus.

Once again into the streets, where the orchestra played its march and peasants and visitors wandered homeward.

We had decided to spend another night in Oberammergau, delighted with the thought of more time in the atmosphere of this play and among the Bavarian townspeople, who are not the less picturesque when they doff Biblical costumes to appear in their charming, old-fashioned, holiday best.

Ed and Bob, two young enthusiasts in our party, had purchased real Bavarian mountain costumes, leather shorts, gaiters, Tyrolean hats and all, so we

were quite in the family spirit of Oberammergau. We sauntered down the winding street, leading to an old inn, where a party of villagers were gathered that evening to entertain visitors with old Bavarian songs. How the rafters rang to their lusty voices, echoing almost to the hills! Old yodeling songs seemed to sing down the years, one with the spirit of the sun-warmed earth, one with the pure drafts of pine air that bathed Oberammergau in wholesome beneficence.

This place fills one with peace and tranquillity, a contentment born of the spirit of earth's dearest children, her peasants, whose hands dig deep into her secrets and whose eyes are ever filled with her wonder.

Once again the candlelight, with its goodnight picture of the fair Anna, then up early at seven o'clock to be on our way! The rain had poured all night and the mud was thick in the village streets as our car came round the corner. Soon we were flying through the mountains—one more passenger in the car this time, our friend, the Rabbi, who had neither coat nor cap. A ridiculous figure he looked when I had wrapped him in my raincoat with a blanket tucked in around.

It was a cold, clear day with the whole countryside glistening and washed anew by last night's rains. Up above Oberammergau we had stopped a

Tranquil, Winding Village Streets: Oberammergau between Times

moment to look at the enormous sandstone group representing the Crucifixion, built on the mountainside and given to the village by King Ludwig.

Driving back to Munich we took the road down from the mountains that later skirts the picturesque Würmstarnberger See. This was one of the times it seemed a pity to hurry; as we skimmed into a tiny village we found the whole community *en fête,* dozens of peasants in gorgeous costume. A procession, headed by a sweet girl child carrying a bouquet of field flowers, was evidently coming from a bride's house and escorting her toward the church, at the door of which her groom awaited her. The bride's wee velvet- and ornament-trimmed blouse was supplemented by a long skirt and gay, flowered apron, still crisply creased from her treasure chest. The bridegroom was splendid in buckled shoes, light hose, short trousers and a vestment quite magnificently decorated, in part by a great, conventionalized double eagle. After the wedding, we learned, the party would proceed to an outdoor *Biergarten,* where a little orchestra would welcome the bride and groom with a peasant wedding march.

Through other little towns and villages we passed, where we were welcomed by friendly youngsters, much more ready to smile and wave than the children of the Rhine district. "*Grüss Gott, grüss*

Gott!" flew all around, and bunches of Alpine flowers were flung into the cars. We drank in the mountain air. We thrilled with the beauty of Bavaria. We were deeply impressed and pondering over the never-to-be-forgotten scenes of Oberammergau, as the car carried us back to Munich.

IX

NUREMBERG, MEMORIES AND OLD WALLS

Alt Nuremberg was beckoning to us. The road thither wound through sandy Bavarian plains but it called with all the glamour of its historic past, its art, its music, the merry tales of Hans Sachs, jolly cobbler poet whose fame echoes wherever "Die Meistersinger" recreates the atmosphere of the Bavarian city for an appreciative throng. Apart from this, Nuremberg has for years proudly filled its shopwindows with Germany's famous *Lebkuchen* (gingerbread); and children the world over play with ingenious toys created in Nuremberg by clever brains and clever fingers to capture the world of makebelieve.

Our way led along hilly roads through Ansbach. The capital of Central Franconia is a charming little place, set amid parklike forests where pines mingle with the glorious hues of red mountain ash. The busy little place proved convenient for luncheon, breaking the journey. Wooden tables were set out invitingly under trees in an old garden, where our

host turned out to be the owner of a German *Bierkneipe*. He greeted all his guests personally, regaling them with funny stories as he served frothing mugs of beer.

Then to the old Hofgarten, with avenues of sweet-smelling limes and an ancient orangery. There is a memorial here on the spot where the tragic youth, Caspar Hauser, was found dead. This strange boy was discovered one day by the townsfolk of Nuremberg wandering about the streets in an unhappy and bewildered state of mind. His tale was a dramatic one; as long as he could remember he had been kept like a lonely animal in a cage. The rumor grew that he was the rightful heir to an old German family, but when the unfortunate Caspar tried to claim the estates, his life was no longer safe. He fled to Ansbach and, walking in this little park, was followed and stabbed, his tragic days beginning and ending in mystery.

We were soon skimming along the broad highway, our hopes high but not, we soon discovered, too high to touch reality. For medieval Nuremberg proved a town which, despite its commercial importance, has managed more than any other in Europe to keep the spirit of Old-World charm unchanged.

On we sped through clumps of fir, where you could hear singing streams that gurgled their way

The Toy-Town of Nuremberg

through drifts of pine needles down to the old Pegnitz River, which further along flows through Nuremberg, dividing the town into two sections. Little cottages were hidden in the trees, just like storybook ones, with spirals of smoke curling up into the blue sky. Then out of the woods to the sandy road, where a party of peasants were trudging along in heavy, hobnailed shoes. Evidently they were bound for some special religious festival, for their round, rosy faces looked very solemn and we could tell that the women had on their best gowns, tight-fitting black, with colored silk handkerchiefs on their heads, knotted shawls with crucifix pins stuck in. Probably a saint's day was being celebrated in one of the near-by villages, for on coming nearer we saw that many carried prayer books and rosaries. Behind scampered youngsters, untouched by the solemnity of their parents, scuffling, digging bare toes into the sandy road, hobnailed boots swinging on their arms or across their shoulders.

On, till we came to a squat tower, marking one of the main gates to the old city. The walls are practically intact, turreted and towered with battlements that have carried the stamp of medieval fortifications since the fourteenth century and even before that, to days lost in the mists of antiquity. Now in places they have been torn down to make way for the modern traffic of an important

industrial city. The first wall we saw was about twenty-two feet high, with a covered passageway and a wide moat with square towers placed at fifty-yard intervals all the way round. To these have been added numerous galleries and forts with cannon, especially strengthened at the places where the Pegnitz enters and leaves the town. The Altstadt has its citadel well preserved, though the moat that once surrounded it is now dry.

Once within the walls we drove through cobbled streets to an inn with sharply tilting red roofs and leaded windows. Here we found a large blue porcelain stove and a corner cupboard in which the *Wirt* kept the most interesting display of all shapes and sizes of pipes: tasseled pipes; pipes with enormous brass or clay bowls; pipes brown with age; pipes formed in the shape of ancient heads! Like every German inn we had visited, flowers abounded in bowls and jars, dull red earthenware cups and brass pots that shone with rubbing.

It was very strange in this quaint home to hear strains of music from an up-to-date radio, an orchestra from Munich relaying a Wagner program—an indication of the way in which the entire world today has molded old and new into one harmony.

We were told that the townsfolk are so anxious to keep the ancient atmosphere of the city that they have made a ruling that new buildings put up are

to be shaped like old ones. Modern commercialism rears its alert, busy head in wide crowded avenues, fine big shops, clanging street cars, gayly dressed crowds that flock to the *Weinkeller* and *Biergarten*. But once you leave the main street, pass along an ancient bridge, the road you follow leads straight into the heart of medievalism. Here are little houses with roofs that slope and wink at you from slant-eyed dormer windows; crooked little streets, inviting you at every turn to inspect the creaking signs and lanterns and the iron grilles that cover many of the windows.

Now for a peep into the musty documents that tell how Nuremberg was first mentioned officially in 1050, when the Castle was built and the Emperor Henry III issued an edict granting the townspeople the right to establish a mint and a market. As days wore on, the wealth and power of Nuremberg were concentrated in the ruling families and burgomasters. Every decade found them in an ever more flourishing position, for the city was a great favorite of the German kings, who frequently resided at the Castle and held their courts there; until a zenith of prosperity is recorded for the sixteenth century. Nuremberg held a most excellent position; she was balancing trade between Italy and the East on one hand and the rest of Northern Europe on the other. The opening of the sea route to India some-

what slackened things; then came the Thirty Years' War with its ravaging. As a final touch, in the eighteenth century the patrician families were particularly feeble, so that Nuremberg suffered a decided decline. In 1796 there was the amazing spectacle of this proud old city offering itself to Prussia on consideration that its debts be paid. Prussia, moreover, declined. In 1806 Nuremberg was taken over by Bavaria and since that date has prospered greatly.

These are the bare facts, but they begin to live and glow and tingle when you wander through Nuremberg and follow the industry that has always characterized these townspeople, so that a proverb grew up, "Nuremberg's hand goes through every land!" The people today still claim that articles leaving Nuremberg are just about as perfect as imperfect humans can make them.

Industry has here had its reward; for the successful artisans soon grew comfortable and genteel and were able to turn their attention to the arts. There is an old record in which Pope Pius II stated that in his opinion the simple burgher of Nuremberg lived in greater comfort and luxury than the King of Scotland. Whether that was true or not, the love of the citizens for sculpture still lives in the carvings and statues that decorate their own homes. Painting, sculpture and metalwork have flourished

Part of the Ancient Fortifications and Castle of Old Nuremberg

side by side with more mundane arts. Peter Henlein was a bright-thinking Nuremberger; his statue beams down at you today and is well worth a hero's salute, for he was the man who first invented watches—large-sized "Nuremberg eggs," as they were called, being his contribution to humanity.

Each day in old Nuremberg began for us with a knock at the door, quite late for Nuremberg but quite early for us, and the entrance of Katie, the round, little, fourteen-year-old chambermaid, whose hair fell in two long red plaits from under an old-fashioned white mob cap. Katie always brought in our coffee on an old beaten silver tray. Her procedure was invariably the same. First she would place the tray down on a carved wooden bench next to my bed, ring a tiny brass handbell and then, when I opened one eye, she would drop me a curtsey, wish me good morning, tell me what a fine day it was, all in one breath, and then scuttle shyly to the door, before I had realized that she had arrived.

Ours was a charming *Gasthaus*, probably sixteenth century, with ceilings that sloped quaintly down to their corners and bare wooden floors that creaked as you crossed them. The view from my window was a never ceasing joy as, each morning, I opened the casements wide, breathed deeply of the sunny atmosphere and thanked the powers that be

in Nuremberg for respecting these fascinating, tip-tilted roofs, brown, red and green, with quaint chimneys and slanting peaks to greet us from the long ago.

It was all too interesting to linger long over breakfast. By nine o'clock my Pal and I were usually adventuring along alluring old streets, that finally bring you to one of the most picturesque squares in all Germany, the cobble-stoned market, where Nuremberg housewives with bags and baskets are out for early shopping.

Catching the sunshine and sending it sparkling into the air again stands the famous Schöner Brunnen fountain, built in 1360 by Meister Heinrich and said to have the best water for miles around. A Gothic pyramid, sixty-three feet high, is surrounded by many interesting figures. Here such worthies as Charlemagne, Godfrey de Bouillon, Judas Maccabæus, Joshua and David, Cæsar, Alexander and Hector are standing closely together. Here Jew, Christian and Pagan are equally showered by this bubbling fountain. Here, too, are Moses and his seven prophets, a goodly host of church fathers, who have proven themselves a most worthy crew, smiling on all within the iron railing.

Under the fountain on a low wooden seat, with

a large basket of green vegetables, sat a little girl, chin in hand, fair eyebrows drawn together in puzzled wondering; the eight-year-old "Thinker," lost in deep meditation.

"A penny for your thoughts, little lady," I said in German; but her fair face flushed and she quickly turned away.

"Well, perhaps you can sell me a nice bunch of radishes," I said.

This she did, adding a buttonhole of pansies as a souvenir.

As we wandered off across the cobbles I suddenly realized just what had been puzzling the little girl. In Nuremberg, if you are very young, your mother tells you, not that the stork has brought your baby brother, but that he came from the Schöner Brunnen! So, there she had been thinking it all over —the brilliant sunshine glancing off the golden figures, these strange old bearded men, the sparkling water, somehow in some mysterious way accounting for her baby brother. A knotty problem for one so young to puzzle through!

What a colorful market in the *Alte Stadt!* We looked over the cheerful, chattering crowds; seas of aprons and kerchiefed heads, hundreds of little push carts and barrows with striped umbrellas over them and then many tiny shops, where fat, jolly-looking

men welcomed us in to inspect their stocks. They all seemed to have time to talk and laugh and enjoy life, while they sold their big yellow cheeses, sausages, hams, fruit, toys, almost anything you could want. Beer shops, where you could sit outside on a stone bench and pass the time o' day with all and sundry over a frothing stein. Again and again when dealing with these jovial shopkeepers you glimpse *Alt' Nürnberg* of the good old "Meistersinger" days. In fact, choruses often echo out from an old shopwindow and the whole place rings with music, starting in the sweet-toned church bells that chime the hours all over the whole city.

Every visitor goes to hear a little bell that rings in a sloping-roofed shop, where Albrecht Dürer, Hans Sachs, Herr Pogner and their cronies were wont to meet and discuss life and art and other things over *Bratwurst* and beer, the famous bell ringing when the sausages were fried to a turn and ready! Here you, too, drink a draft of the best, to the memory of these old Germans who have enjoyed their sausages and beer in this oakbeamed shop for five centuries or more. Such pictures rise up before your mind's eye—the cobbler poet, sitting there spinning out his rhymes till they all joined in the chorus, beating time with their mugs and the old, red-faced *Wirt* called many times to refill! Wagner's wonderful music seems to float in the air; even

Albrecht Dürer House

more clearly do you hear it as you pass Hans Sachs' own house, just off the Spital-Platz. You have seen it in the opera and it greets you like an old friend, with all the merry Nuremberg burghers, who center around it.

Here is the workshop with all its old treasures, the little room where Hans Sachs in leather apron stitched his soles and plied his hammer, while his mind sang some of his six thousand two hundred and five immortal ditties! We could see him humming as he worked, glancing up every now and again through the thick-leaded windows out into the sunny old square—a cobbler's shop, one of the sacred places in Germany's art and music, where pilgrims come from far and near to get inspiration.

Back still further into fairy tales is the old goose-market with its central bronze fountain, the *Gänsemännchen* (little gooseboy), an attractive peasant boy with a fat goose under each arm. Drink from the waters of this fountain and old romance comes singing toward you. In this selfsame market are the little shops that sell the famous *Lebkuchen* or gingerbread, spicy cake in all sorts of interesting shapes, houses, medieval-looking men and women and old burghers, a stein of beer in each hand. Visions of Hansel and Gretel and the Gingerbread House! Nothing is too fantastic to be possible in this Old World place!

A few years ago the whole of Nuremberg met together to extol the memory of her famous son, the artist and engraver, Albrecht Dürer. The quaint old streets and squares lived again in spectacular fashion through those days when the struggling young painter sought to make a fortune here. Memorable ceremonies and pageants were given, with artists and students coming from far and near to join in a torchlight march that halted before the Dürer statue. Very impressive with the quaint, turrety-looking houses, caught in the theatrical flare of torches—how the leaded panes would wink and flash as the crowds, garbed in the costumes of the Middle Ages, swept by. There was music aplenty, too, scenes from "Die Meistersinger von Nürnberg," a number of plays written by the famous Hans Sachs, dances and carnivals, every citizen of Nuremberg and her crowds of visitors joining whole-heartedly in the spirit of "four hundred years ago." Nuremberg has awakened to the genius she never appreciated in his lifetime and had gathered from all parts of the world the finest examples of his paintings, engravings and etchings, so that here, where he lived and struggled, the modern world might see the masterpieces he created in Nuremberg.

Dürer's house has long been a shrine for art

lovers. It stands in an old street of the same name, being number 39, Albrecht Dürer-strasse, just beyond the Weinmarkt. A large, old house, still intact except for the lowest storey, where a blacksmith's forge used to send sparks flying into the cobbled street. Dürer bought this house when he had gained recognition; before that were many years of poverty, beginning when little nine-year-old Albrecht helped his father, a poor goldsmith, to support the Dürer family—there were eighteen children altogether! In between the hours when he worked in the shop, Albrecht began to draw pictures, one particularly fine one being a portrait of his father, which finally drew the praise of one of Nuremberg's great artists, Wohlgemut. Little by little Dürer established himself, though his native city seems to have been slowest of all in honoring such great genius. At twenty-three he married one of the daughters of a wealthy Nuremberger, Agnes Frei, and after a few years in Italy they settled down in the fine old house just off the Weinmarkt.

We climbed up to the second storey of this house, where Dürer used to work his wonders. Here we found things apparently as he had left them—old utensils, antique furniture and copies of many of the master's famous works adding to the atmos-

phere. Dürer loved his own city and, standing here in the room that still seemed vibrant with his genius, we could appreciate his sorrow when Nuremberg failed again and again to acknowledge him. "Not five hundred florins' worth of work did they give me!" he cried in anguish before he died. Yet some of his finest paintings he gave to Nuremberg, a city that years later sold them for a goodly price to Munich and Berlin! In his own self-portrait the heartbreak of disappointment shadows the expression of sorrowful dark eyes that grip with their poignant message, so that many looking at it think they see a portrait of Christ.

In Dürer's house we found an old caretaker, in whose wrinkled brown face and rosy cheeks one could recognize a rare model for a Nuremberg portrait! She it was who let us into the secrets of Dürer's home life and of the dreadful times the master had with Dame Agnes, a wife who developed into a scolding shrew as she grew older, thinking of nothing but the money her husband could earn and breaking up the little coterie of friends that were so necessary to the artist's happiness. From such troubles his famous "Melancholie" was born.

"But don't forget," said my Pal, "evenings there was always the sausage shop for Dürer to go to, the tinkling of a church bell, Hans Sachs with a few others to cheer a distraught, artistic soul."

A Happy Pair, Who Might Have Been Married Before the "Bridal Door"

The River Pegnitz divides Nuremberg into two parts, which have been called after the famous Gothic churches, St. Lorenzo and St. Sebald. When we arrived at Lorenzerplatz we found a group of wandering students clustering about the elaborate carved doorways. Girls and boys they were, evidently of New Germany's Youth Movement, strong and vigorous-looking with bronzed faces and stalwart bare legs, ending in heavy-soled walking boots. Most of them wore their belongings strapped on their backs in brown canvas bags; not a few had violins or guitars slung across their shoulders. Many were busily engaged with guide books, while one of the leaders was pointing out the various beauties of the exterior of St. Lorenzo with a long birch stick.

Some say that this church was first begun in 1278, but many additions have been added in later centuries. Pass through an elaborate door into the dimness within. There is hush and holiness; gradually one after another exquisite stained glass window comes to life in the semi-gloom. One supremely lovely old fifteenth-century window shows the genealogy of Christ and another the Four Apostles taken from Dürer's masterpiece.

In Lorenzokirche is the most perfect piece of work of the medieval sculptor, Adam Krafft, a wizard with a chisel. It is a receptacle for the Host and

stands in the choir, a finely carved stone Gothic spire, sixty-five feet high, the apex curved in the form of a bishop's staff. All the way round are scenes from the life of Jesus, carven in stone. Kneeling below are three figures, of Adam Krafft and his two assistant sculptors, who were busy for five years to perfect this beautiful, rare carving.

Round the choir are epitaphs of Nuremberg's patrician families, many of which are very interesting reading and cast a romantic spell on the city state of the Middle Ages.

St. Sebald's, the church that dominates the other side of the river, is a picturesque Gothic edifice of the thirteenth century, added to and altered many times in later years. We stopped for awhile before the ancient "Bridal Door," decorated with the "Wise and Foolish Virgins." Here in medieval days the happy pair would go through the marriage ceremony. A jolly sort of a beginning and a picturesque start of the romantic journey, to be made life partners under this lovely old portal with your friends gathered round!

On the opposite side of the church is a sculptured representation of the "Last Judgment," with various other life-sized figures of saints. Inside you are drawn at once to its chief treasure, the Shrine of St. Sebald, said to be the finest example of metalwork in the world and almost as beautiful as the

day it was cast. A silver sarcophagus ornamented with beaten gold and silver holds the relics of the saint. The sarcophagus dates from 1397 and great was the joy of Peter Vischer, the artist, when he was commissioned to build a shrine for it in 1507. He and his five sons labored for eleven years to create this masterpiece.

The sarcophagus stands on a platform borne by twelve metal snails and over it a Gothic canopy rises, with three exquisite domes. A delightfully naive touch—at one end of the sarcophagus we find St. Sebald, the miracle worker, and at the other Peter Vischer, also a miracle worker, we deem, as he stands here in his apron, chisel in hand and devout zeal in his gaze. The canopy is decorated with pagan deities, all sorts of mythical creatures, sirens, tritons and centaurs, with a collection of charming, happy-faced children, playing with lions and dogs or piping merrily on musical instruments. In little niches all the way round are images of the Apostles, while the Holy Child is shown, seated on the central dome.

Out again into Winklerstrasse, a few centuries on in history, for in Nuremberg every step of the way seems to mark some interesting event. Here we found a thrilling little house, with a few lines of inscription telling a whole story in graphic simplicity: "Here dwelt John Palm, bookseller, who

fell a victim to the tyranny of Napoleon in 1806." John Palm was a patriotic Bavarian who had published a pamphlet deriding France and the great little Emperor—and as reward was shot. In the same street is another historic house, where Albrecht Dürer and his host of brothers and sisters were born.

We trod the thrilling highways of Nuremberg's art adventures next, by way of the National Museum, an old monastery with a little church and cloisters. Here are displayed the religious carvings in wood and metalwork that for generations, and still today, mark the high peak of Bavarian craftsmanship.

From cloister to cloister and room to room we wandered, down old roads of history. Antiquities of the bronze and stone ages, splendid Roman remains dug up in Germany through the years, coins and armor of the days when the Visigoths swept Europe. Through the battles of the fierce Middle Ages, made hideous by a host of instruments of torture. One large cloistered walk had a number of old tombstones; and stained glass of every type, from the twelfth to the sixteenth centuries, adorned one of the rooms into which we strolled. This was once the refectory of the Carthusian monks and is now

the home for all sorts of beautiful faience and pottery, from old Turkish and Persian up to the modern porcelains from Vienna and Nymphenburg and the lovely ware that owes its inception to Josiah Wedgwood of eighteenth-century England.

Two figures were standing at one of the windows, looking out into the cloisters—a girl, unmistakably American from the crown of her hat and well tailored suit to her smart shoes. The afternoon sun was glancing in, showing the clear line of her profile, as she stood talking earnestly to the slight, fair-haired man beside her. Soon she opened up her large pocket book and took out a slender vase, with delicate markings, which she carried over to compare with something in one of the large cabinets lining the wall.

"So you see, it *is* the same period, Karl!" she was saying in English to the young man beside her.

Then I knew her, a young art student from New York, with whom I had become acquainted the winter before—a clever girl, as her two exhibitions had shown.

"Why Elsa," I cried, "what breeze of the fates has brought you here?"

"I'm so glad to see you!" she answered, her sunny face dimpling all over. "You are the first people from New York I've met since I married."

"Married!" said my Pal, coming over to shake hands, "and what is this we hear and why were we not warned of this?"

Up came Karl to be introduced, with a correct clicking of heels that was somehow remindful of the Germany of old days.

"You see, this is our honeymoon," continued Elsa. "Karl is back to take a year for his doctor's degree at Munich, though he's definitely a New Yorker now; and I'm going to have a good time wandering about in these old art centres for a while!"

"Well, here's to the bride. And when were you married?" I asked.

"Last Sunday, in St. Sebald's, down the hill, right in the Bridal Porch!"

"Do they still—?" began my Pal.

"Well, not exactly in the Porch, though I like to pretend I took the chances that those stalwart Nuremberg girls of the old Middle Ages did!"

The same Elsa as of old, ready for adventure on the spur of the moment.

"Come," she said, "I'm going to show you the loveliest thing in Nuremberg!"

Just at that moment, standing there with the light shining through the old windows of the monks' dining room, I wondered if there could be anything much lovelier in Nuremberg than this

sweet-faced, sparkling American girl, so obviously in love with life and all it had brought her.

Our thoughts wandered, for here there was something so rare that I have never forgotten it, hidden away in one of the upper chambers of the monastery —the famous Nuremberg Madonna.

"I have been here every day since Sunday to look at her," Elsa said and I at once knew why, so exquisite is she. The figure is carved out of a piece of natural wood. Such delicacy of conception, such grace and artistry of line in flowing, shadowed draperies and sweet, untroubled face!

On then, through rooms showing peasants' homes in the various centuries, with peasant costumes and ornaments. Another interesting room, given up to toys, with a little puppet theatre and numbers of Nuremberg dolls' houses (how the chilren revel in this!). Then a long gallery devoted to weaving and bookbinding and the arts of printing. As we walked along we felt the arts of Nuremberg and her industrious craftsmen take shape before our gaze.

"How long are you to be here?" asked Elsa, as we left the museum and started homeward.

"Oh, a few days; Nuremberg is so attractive we can hardly drag ourselves away. Then we go back to Munich for a day or so, thrilled at the prospect of Bayreuth for the Festspiel!"

"To Bayreuth, that's splendid; we'll probably see you there. And, by the way, would you two like to go a-hunting with us in the old Burgrave's Castle, that ancient eleventh-century relic on the hill?"

"Yes, indeed," I answered, "and tomorrow morn's the morn, as no creepy castles are for me except in the sunshine!"

So it was decided. Early the next morning we four met outside Albrecht Dürer's house, which stands at the beginning of a steepish slope upward. Picturesque little streets opened up on either side as we climbed. Our thoughts went flying backward, for here we were at the ancient castle that gave Nuremberg its name, they say, "Nur-ein-burg," only a castle on a hill.

Trees and bushes rise from the moat and climb the old walls of a courtyard that used to be called, "Freiung," because here all fugitives were free. From here we gazed down over the old town, with countless turrets and gables and, in the distance, a vision of green plains, winding river and dark forests. Much of the castle has been rebuilt in later centuries, the five-cornered tower being the one relic of the eleventh century. Into this tower we ventured, through corridors that seemed to echo gruesomely with the sounds of long-dead prisoners who had spent their days lamenting in its gloomy

The Market Place, Nuremberg: Fountains and Stalls Are Equally Famous

dungeons. All kinds of instruments of torture have been collected here, horrible things that make your blood run cold even for looking at them. Chief among these is the hideous "Iron Virgin," who would open her arms wide to receive her prisoner, piercing his body with terrible iron spikes. Then a trap door would open and the torn body fall into a deep well; the iron maiden's arms would fall to her sides and her sardonic smile beam on!

Along a gloomy stair to a cell, where the figure of a medieval robber baron awaits his end. The figure looks very real and is supposed to be wearing the original baron's clothing. One of the stories they tell about this old robber is an interesting one, and impressively did it resound in the dramatic accents of the old keeper with long white beard, who collected marks while he accompanied us out to the parapet.

When the baron was taken into the courtyard to be executed, he heard his horse, standing in the shadow of the wall, whinny. Now there were walls all round, so escape seemed impossible. But in a moment the baron leapt upon his horse and in a single bound scaled the parapet, over the moat, to the road below!

And today they show you two hoofprints on the parapet to prove the story of that bold, bad highwayman of old and his horse that made the jump!

Once more through winding streets and past gabled houses, back to the *Gasthaus*, gathering joyous impressions of all these quaint places. As I opened up the leaded windows that afternoon, to say good-bye for the moment to the old roofs and turrets which had greeted me each morning, I noticed walking down the narrow road the same group of wandering students we had found at the old church. Collecting in the square, they all gathered around the central orchestra of violins and guitars and soon began to sing in lusty voices, till the tiled roofs seemed to catch the melodies and send them ringing down again. It was a scene such as might have transpired in the days of Hans Sachs, one which he himself would have enjoyed; his own melodies and rhymes sung by youth today.

They followed us down the road, as our car swerved past, narrowly escaping flocks of Bavarian geese, who joined in the swelling chorus on whose wings we were floating out of the *Alte Stadt*. Over the bridge, through the ancient gates. Nuremberg's art and music, her quaint places and busy new town were soon in the fast rolling past.

We left reluctantly, even though motoring back to Munich, where a welcoming "bunch" awaited us. Across the busy square to the Regina Palast, Munich's smart hostelry, set in a flower-bowered

garden. A private dining room staged the farewell dinner for the all-too-soon breaking up of Billy's Round Table. Many luncheons and dinners had preceded this farewell fête, and the usual promises to meet soon again. Toasts were tossed off in good *Münchenerbrau* and excellent wines, as we cheered Billy, whose unusual hospitality and kindly good nature had added so much joy to our *Festspiel* days and endeared him forever to friends and pupils.

What a gift of the gods, and what a character! We thought of "Pa" and "Ma," the latter sweet and eighty, brilliant and content, whose charm radiates in life's twilight, exquisite as a flower; her dainty frame, dressed in purple chiffon, with a bertha of rare lace draped about her slender shoulders. Perhaps while we dine in Munich she is seated in an up to date New York apartment, eagerly scanning the latest letters from abroad giving news of her Billy.

But back to that table, which was dominated by Professor Von Fuchs and beautiful Gerda, particularly attractive this night in cloth of gold. All the young people felt like a party and looked it—happy and buoyant and very grateful for some jazz. "On with the dance"—joy was supreme indeed. They loved the old-fashioned lace-bordered bouquets at each place. Munich somehow resounded to the call and one could hear the singing students passing by.

That fellow up in Nuremberg who had invented watches and time bothered us a bit, for the wee hours meant a fond farewell to this happy, yet serious "bunch of good fellows."

Next morning my Pal and I came down early to find our car bedecked with flowers and the fellow pilgrims gathered about the hotel steps. Regretfully we turned our backs on Munich and began our journey through the country toward Augsburg.

As we sped along through little villages, old women passed us carting faggots and vegetables, pushing wheelbarrows or trudging with packs on their shoulders. Gradually the flower pageant aspect of our car was lessened. We gave great bunches to these hard-working peasants and kept just a bunch of roses and a small vase of forget-me-nots, with a heartful of memories of Munich days gathered about Billy's Round Table.

Soon the road began to follow the windings of the green Lech Valley. We neared the old Roman town of Augsburg, founded in B. C. 15, for centuries one of the main trading centres of Europe. Outside the ancient walls are important cotton spinning and weaving mills, that bear the stamp of the old merchant princes of Bavaria, the Fugger family, which rose in a generation from being poor

weavers to becoming the wealthiest merchants in all Germany.

In through an old gate, across the Königs-Platz with its beautiful fountains we passed. The whole city is traversed by a series of blue canals that add color and picturesqueness, as well as great importance to trade. Down Jakober Strasse, into a medieval street; deeper and deeper into the heart of the sixteenth century, when Jakob Fugger built here the Fuggerei, a tiny quarter for the poor of Augsburg, fifty-three little houses with gables and turrets, forming a medieval colony enclosed by quaintly carved gates.

Fritz, our chauffeur, was driving slowly along the narrow streets; over a bridge we halted before a low wooden gateway. A gravel path, bordered on either side with clumps of red geraniums and a rambling old-fashioned garden, ran up to the cottage door, from out of which stepped an old Bavarian peasant in a clean starched apron.

"This is my mother," said Fritz, as the little woman hurried down, greeting us warmly.

A few moments in the garden and we were driven to the station, where the train was waiting.

X

FORGET FATHER TIME IN NÖRDLINGEN AND ROTHENBURG

"It simply cannot be true," I murmured, "I must be looking right into a fairy tale!"

"What was that?" said my Pal, his face round and rosy after his bath, his hair standing up on end.

"Are you real?" I asked him, "or are you part of it all? Are we really here in a little *Gasthaus* in Nördlingen, or have we by some alchemy of which Bavaria has the sole secret slipped into the pages of that old book of Grimm's fairy tales?"

Now the nicest thing about my Pal as a fellow wanderer is the way he immediately accepts your word and steps right into the atmosphere of your thought! But even the hardest-headed, most businesslike person could not drift through Bavaria without coming under the spell of these spotless little towns, where time has taken a thought for the better and decided to stand still four centuries or so.

Peep from this leaded window of ours. Look through the little village street with its uneven

Nördlingen: St. George's Church

roofs, hump-backed archways and turrets, that smile down at you with a "how d'you do" expression! Queer, slant-roofed cottages, cobbley twists and turns, churches venerable with Old-World character. Familiar folk-ways that seem to grasp you by the hand and say, "We've been waiting quite a time!" How you long for the brush of an artist to catch the glamour of these old gates, these gabled cottages with window boxes aflame in brilliant colored flowers. Sometimes, as a bent old woman hobbles down one of these twisted roads, you are sure, very sure, she has lived so long that she could unlock the doors of "once upon a time!"

For several weeks we had been wandering through this land of medieval cities with mountain background, old castles caught like eagles' nests on hilly peaks, and we had loved it all, reveling in the atmosphere of legend and history, almost hearing the music that permeates the lives of these simple countryfolk and that rose to such heights in the glorious sagas of Wagner. Best of all, we have come to know these gentle-mannered people, who pass a "*Grüss Gott*" every time we meet, whether in town or on highway, or yet beside cottages painted with bright colors and adorned with biblical scenes and legends. These are people with such love for flowers that their gardens are ever a riot of color. You fall over window boxes, inside and

outside. Even the old woodman goes along with a bouquet stuck in the crown of his ancient felt hat!

We have been so leisurely in our wandering that like these little medieval towns we, too, have forgotten all about time. We have been stopping whenever we felt the spell of Old-World charm, reluctant to pack up again, even to wander more through places that were old before Columbus thought of sailing the seas.

So, by some kind power, we were brought to Nördlingen and in this raftered *Gasthaus* were well looked after by a plump, smiling, rosy-faced *Mädchen,* who clattered along in wooden-soled shoes. Her father was a wizened little dwarf; on his head he wore a stocking cap, unless when he was off to church of a Sunday morning. Then a round, broad-brimmed, black hat took its place. Below this, a short jacket with silver coins stitched onto it, a massive golden watchchain and short trousers hidden under an enormous white apron.

I declared he had a leery look in his small brown eyes, as he bade us "*Guten morgen!*" each sunny day, but my Pal said, sensibly, that I was becoming over-dramatic with the spirit of Nördlingen. Certainly there was nothing strange about the lovely posy of flowers with which he always presented me at the breakfast table.

Approach to Rothenburg

Nördlingen is a place of ancient gateways and towers. Down one side, turning, we peeped into a courtyard with an old latticed gallery, where two boys were sitting, harmonizing on fiddles. Soon their pleasant voices drifted out to us across the flower-filled court in an old folksong with its endless reiterations of choruses.

Down one picturesque street after another, till we came to the old Gothic church of St. George, with its priceless treasure, a fifteenth-century wooden Crucifixion carved from a single block. Up the winding stairs to the tower, with its wide view over the Bavarian plains and the ninety-nine villages that the guide tells you are clearly visible, though you do not count them. Down again to follow the ancient walls that have withstood the battles of six hundred years. Though peace now dwells here there were riotous and stirring days, which every summer Nördlingen re-enacts in festivals, dances and mimic fights. Then the villagers put on the quaint garb of the seventeenth century, mayor and burghers in their black robes and heavy chains, buckled shoes and feathered hats; the ladies in brilliant colors of old silks and brocades, showing like gay flowers among the stone carvings and ornamented archways. Swords flash again and the sun glints off steel helmets, as the townsfolk relive the

battles of 1634 when the imperial general, Ferdinand of Hungary, defeated the Protestant army under Duke Bernhard of Weimar. Such stories seem part and parcel of these ancient red roofs and queer, late-Gothic towers.

Walking above the city under a canopy of timbered arches, we saw the old days unfolding. We looked across to the soaring church tower, with its little room where a watch calls down at midnight, "All's well!" in remembrance of a fifteenth-century peasant, who saved the city by his discovery that a traitor had left one of the gates unlocked. Below us was the old cobbled market square surrounded by pink and brown tiled houses. Here on holidays you may see the people dance the round and square dances that send skirts flying, heels stamping, merriment echoing along the cobwebbed years.

But further adventuring bade us, "On, on!" One morning we took the road again, looking back from the car to wave a greeting to our blooming *Mädchen* and our little dwarf host, who stood there like a real figure from the past, his heels clicked together, his bald head gleaming in the sunshine, as he swept the stocking cap off in a low bow that would have graced a court drawing room of ancient days.

A perfect, sunny day. We drove through the tranquil countryside; past gardens where bees hummed amiably among tall hollyhocks and sunflowers, as though all were at peace in nature's friendly lap. Birds echoed songs from well filled orchard trees near a blue stream, where an old woman, her face browned by many summers and shaded by an enormous white handkerchief, was kneeling, washing snowy linen. Down the road a little further her geese were cackling, joining in the general chorus of summer well-being. Soon she stretched her old legs, hoisted the huge bundle of washing onto her bent shoulders and started after the geese, emphasizing the way with prods of her long stick.

Men passed us with brotherly greeting; they were pushing handcarts piled with vegetables and baskets of red-cheeked apples that spoke of plentiful harvests. Round a sharp turn. We had to pull in quickly, for a long line of little girls were coming, two by two, hand in hand. Evidently an orphan school; at the back marched a black-clad Sister with enormous, flapping white bonnet. So many little flaxen heads, hair plaited and twisted up round their ears; each little girl was wearing a mauve cotton pinafore dress with tight bodice; above this a tiny cotton top with short, full sleeves. On they marched, their heavy black shoes clapping

down the road, their voices sending forth a happy chatter.

Slipping easily along the highways despite many sharp turns and curves, slowing down along cobbled village streets—where you have to go carefully to keep out of the way of pigs and chickens—and where a hundred little alleys beg you to halt. Again you skim onward into the open country, to the medieval city of Dinkelsbühl. This is a place of picturesque gabled houses and old moats, part of which have been turned into flower gardens. Dinkelsbühl has an old covered passageway along the walls where you can wander, enjoying quaintness, soothed by an atmosphere of homely charm. Your eyes gaze over to the curious old stone bridge, hoary with years, breathing sanctuary over this unspoilt town of other days.

The road begins to climb, rising gradually from the green valley of the Tauber, with only an occasional farmhouse showing red roofs and plaster walls, whitewashed, pictured with the inevitable decoration of Bible scenes and legends. In front flower gardens reach almost to the road, sending delicious perfume into the sunny air.

There we heard the cowbells of old Bavaria, and very interesting they were! We came across one amiable cow leaning across a low stone wall, inspecting us with her large, brown eyes, while her

jaw moved ruminatingly. Her white body was spotless and round her neck she wore a wooden collar, painted in reds and greens with a fantastic flower design. To this was attached her tranquil bell.

Twilight was beginning to cast long gray fingers over the mellow countryside. It was the hour when flocks begin to think of sauntering homeward, just before night falls on the scattered hillside, woods, and the owl begins her perambulations—it was that hour of hours, when our car turned a corner and we saw before us the alluring red roofs and turreted skyline of Rothenburg, Rothenburg that transports you straight back to "once there was a little town!" In a flash we were in medieval days.

We reached Rothenburg on modern motor roads, along which honked tourist-filled buses; but we shut our eyes to this and crossed a water-filled moat back into the days of enchantment.

If you skirt the old gray stone walls, under an arch of great boulders covered with trailing creepers and moss, over a bridge and past an old millhouse, you come to an inn with carven, overhanging balconies and a roof of reddish brown tiles—at least, I say "you come," but I very much doubt if you'd find it, for I always had a suspicion that, after we left, the inn vanished into thin air and nothing remained but a heap of dust in that twisted street. However, that night it gave us a substantial

welcome, mine host following the Bavarian custom of wandering in and out among the visitors with a greeting for all, while four charming boys, dressed in old Bavarian costumes with Tyrolean hats and a plentiful decoration of silver coins, sang to us from a carven window nook, playing the while on three old guitars and a fiddle.

Then came the moment I had looked forward to for months, when we could slip out into the darkness and capture Rothenburg, when the town was asleep, save for a few twinkling lamps shining through leaded glass windows that were very distinctive. This was the time for owls to hoot and black cats to skip across our path, but none disturbed us. We crept along crooked streets. Over a bridge. Along a road where lanterns swung from iron railings, lighting up heavy old knockers on fantastic carved doors. Down one of these steep roads the way led to the Red Castle that gave Rothenburg its name. Past the market square, surrounded by old gray walls raftered with beams. On till we came to the buttressed city walls with their ancient towers and gates. Here we listened while the hour echoed forth across the night from a tall steeple; many bells followed the chiming. It was the hour when things happen in medieval cities, so quickly we turned and found our way back to the friendly inn, meeting nothing startling save the in-

quisitive eyes of a goat browsing among the herbage of a cottage garden!

Rothenburg is no less interesting by daylight. We spent many hours wandering within these old walls, turning sometimes to gaze across the smiling Tauber Valley, that stretched its fairness into the distance. In the stirring days of the Thirty Years' War, Rothenburg was tossed from side to side, suffering the miseries of famine and torture, besieged again and again, finally captured by the Emperor's Army. These events and the legends that have grown up around them seem very real, as you walk along cobbled streets and past rustic-looking, vine-covered cottages.

Along picturesque Röderstrasse we wandered, to the old Rathaus. The original one was burned down in a fire of 1240 and now an old *Tanzhaus* with a museum fills the spot. Immediately after the fire the go-ahead burgers of Rothenburg began to build another Rathaus in Gothic style with a tower one hundred and sixty-five feet high. Later fire again destroying part of this, it was replaced by a beautiful Renaissance wing with a projecting balcony, a fine oriel window and an elaborate spiral stairway. Old and new, alike mellowed by years, have combined into a living harmony of picturesque age. The tower of the ancient Rathaus is guarded by an old man with a benign face, wearing a huge

bunch of keys at his belt. Up we climbed the one hundred ninety-three steps (we were told the number, though we soon lost count!) to the very top, where we gazed right over the little story-book town to the Taubervale and distant hills. Then, after a short rest, to the new building with its spacious courtroom, jury boxes and judges' bench. Here every Whitsuntide the people flock from far and near to witness the performance of "Der Meistertrunk." During the Thirty Years' War Rothenburg, a Protestant town, was besieged and taken by the great Roman Catholic commander, Tilly. Instead of ransacking the town Tilly decided simply to behead the chief councillors. While waiting for the execution the women of Rothenburg brought out great goblets of wine, so soon the general and his officers were in a mellower state of mind. There was one enormous tankard and Tilly, eying it, proclaimed that if anyone in Rothenburg could drink it in one draft, all the councillors should go free. Up stepped Burgomaster Nusch and accomplished the seemingly impossible. The mighty tankard was emptied, the town saved. Today you can see the famous wine goblet in the museum.

In the cellars are torture chambers, dim dungeons that reek with ghostly memories of medieval cruelty.

Out once more to the market, where an old

Crooked Medieval Streets and the Röder Gate: Rothenburg

woman is humming an old song as she stoops to carry away a heavy wooden pail of water from the Herterich fountain, which centers the square —a beautiful fountain first built in 1608; its stone sides are carved with grotesque animals and heads and its central pillar rises high to support St. George and the Dragon. Of course, we turned down old Schmied Strasse to halt at number 74, the Marien-Apotheke, which bears the date of 1488. This is a chemist's shop with a wonderful courtyard at the back, where vines creep up and down among old galleries and portals.

Hidden in an old square, sunken below the level of the street, where old stones piled in heaps take on queer shapes, we found a tree, aged almost as Rothenburg itself. Under its shade were wooden benches gnarled and seered with generations of signatures and markings, and low stone tables. Here you could sit and drink coffee or beer for an afternoon hour. Old German melodies would wander through your mind, while the sun sifted down through the leaves and peace, born of centuries, gave you quiet.

An old woman and her daughter ran this little *Garten,* bringing in trays of cups or huge tankards from the low door of a humpy-looking cottage in the corner. The aged dame stopped at our table, wiping her hands on a very clean apron. Her face looked like old Rothenburg; it was crisscrossed with

lines, brown as old leather, and a large peaked nose almost met her chin!

"*Grüss Gott!*" she murmured in a husky voice. She was so old, so friendly that we thoroughly enjoyed the half-hour she sat with us and told us of Rothenburg; of her sons, who had come back from the war and now ran a small farm in a neighboring village; of days when the gardens rang with the voices of visitors come to the festivals, of old dances in the square, when you might see the legends of old Bavaria enacted; of days when she had tripped the lightest, stepped the quickest, in red skirt and tasseled shawl.

"It is within," she said, nodding back to the old cottage.

"*Alte Zeiten, alte Zeiten!*" Away she turned briskly to greet a newcomer.

Old Rothenburg! Each day we were afraid it would be spirited away by a wave of the hand but each morning we awoke anew to its charms. Sometimes we would stroll back to modernity, over on the south side of the town to the Wildbad Hotel with its iron and sulphur baths.

But again age would pull the hardest and we would slip down the hill to the old square, this time to the fourteenth-century Church of St. James, where the legend of a drop of Holy Blood from Christ's veins draws thousands of pilgrims to wor-

The City of the Master Drink: Rothenburg

ship. Beautiful stained glass windows and carvings of scenes from the life of Christ and the Apostles beckoned to hours of wandering in these quiet precincts.

Nearby is an old nunnery, now turned into municipal offices; this old place is said to date from 1258 and here you may see, if you are fortunate, a genuine medieval kitchen beneath the refectory. Under a gloomy stone coping still rings the tale of how once the devil caught an old burgher in this very spot and tossed him up against the roofing, so that his soul stuck there, while his body crashed on the stones—a likely tale of medieval imaginings!

Past the Schmied Strasse to the Kappenzipfel, leaving many alluring towers and turrets but stopping a moment to enjoy the old Weiss Turm, part of the original city wall. Old stairs lead from the street to the venerable fortifications. Through an arch we saw a picture of Rothenburg that looked like an entrancing etching, symbolizing all the romance of southern Germany in deep brown tones! Past the Architect's House and the Gothic Church of St. John, to the Wildbad Turm, only survival of a castle once here, that was torn by a fourteenth-century earthquake. Now the old Burggarten trails its beauty over the hillside, looking down to the blue Tauber, that takes its careless path, undaunted by the people who wander along its banks—medieval

armies, crusaders, perhaps a party of students from the New World, seeking out the ancient wisdom of the Old. Not a bit cares this old Tauber, as she ripples her way seaward, reflecting blue sky and the tall waving arms of poplars that line her banks—careless of the old Spital Tower, that frowns down with its circular bastion and ancient cannon. The old Tauber sings through it all; she is wise, for she has seen the day of legends melt into the time of chaos and fighting, when the castles rang to the shots of feudal armies. She has seen them all come —and go—like pictures upon a fair landscape.

Now we, too, are among those that go. Over the bridge and we turn to say good-bye to this little city of medieval days, where antiquity breathes in peaceful unawareness of the onrush! Rothenburg has won to quiet; honorably she captures each newcomer with her Old-World charm. You are loth to leave towers and steeples, old walls, little humpy houses, that seem wise with the learning of time.

"Tomorrow, will it still be there?" we wonder. "Or is Rothenburg just the dream city hidden deep in everyone's mind, to be incarnated only under the spell of old Bavarian sunshine?" The curtain rumbles down. We are away over the hills, with Rothenburg emblazoned again on the pages of those never-to-be-forgotten, true fairy tales.

XI

BAYREUTH, MUSIC AND OLD SAGAS

THE guard calls, "Nuremberg!" we are grateful that an hour's wait is allotted, to reacquaint ourselves with the *Alte Stadt*. Here are the ancient walls and towers, the old market and square, the wonderful fountains and the old Hans Sachs House, which has not been too much restored. We enter again the little workshop, wherein are his tools and belongings. The tiny windows and surroundings make the place like the Holy of Holies in music. A welcome rest in the outer room, where is dispensed a *Schoppen* of wine and Nuremberger *Lebkuchen*. We forget fatigue and think of the *Meistersinger* of other days, looking at Pogner's house opposite. Memories and music, one lingers and goes slowly away, and the train moves on lazily through the soothing countryside to Bayreuth.

While our minds were busy with thoughts of Wagner and his achievements in the face of what to a lesser man would have proved insurmountable odds, our eyes rested on the smiling landscape of Franconian Switzerland. Now and then a little

farmhouse with quaint red barns; fields where harvesters were busy and huge carts carried the loads of grain. Little towns peacefully hidden in the folds of the hills, church spires silhouetted against the hills. All seemed quiet and gentle. The slow rocking of the train, the peaceful country left thoughts free to climb the heights where one could grasp the majestic message that Wagner's genius had prepared and that was waiting in Bayreuth.

Directly opposite the station stands the Hotel Post, an old hostelry set in an old-fashioned garden; and once inside it seems you are participating with actors in a play. The populace have gathered around, and are standing in curious groups to see those who have come from distant parts to the festival. Old and young, the latter having heard stories from grandpas of the festivals that were, are happy that Bayreuth is again the scene of musically interested crowds. Carriages and autos take visitors through the Richard Wagner-Strasse to the Festspielhaus. Lines of *Droschken* (carriages) wait in the station square, some larger ones with two horses. We picked out a nice, jolly-faced *Kutscher* (driver) who had driven here since he was a boy and was very proud to take people to the Festspielhaus.

An almost martial air pervades the town, as many spiked helmeted police guard and direct the way.

The Orangerie, One of the Beauty Spots of Bayreuth

It is five o'clock of the afternoon that announces the performance of the "Rheingold," the first of the "Ring," for which the Festspielhaus was built.

You arrive comfortably in almost devotional mood, ahead of time, and stroll about the beautiful gardens in which the festival house is framed, watch the arriving interesting throng, people from every walk in life. A bugle announcing the opera plays the "Rheingold" motive—a thrilling experience, hearing strains of your favorite music floating out on the summer breezes in the park of the Festspielhaus in Bayreuth! This, too, is a signal that in ten minutes the performance begins; it is well to be on time, no one is admitted while the act is on.

The auditorium, which is extremely simple in line, is arranged so that the seats slope down to the stage, everyone having an unobstructed view. It was designed by Wagner himself, with a view to the needs of performers and audiences, and it is as different from the ordinary theatre as Wagner's operas rise above the popular works of his day. There are no boxes, only a few galleries at the back and the different sections of the auditorium are reached by graduated stairways, as in a stadium. There is just sufficient light to enable the audience to find its way in and out. The theatre is built with two stages, we were told, one above the other, so that a new set may be prepared beneath the main

floor while the act is going on above. The Prinz Regenten Theatre in Munich is copied from the Bayreuth Festspielhaus, with the same arrangement of sloping floor.

The orchestra is concealed under a screen from which the music rises in an exquisitely blended effect, supporting the voices as they float in song over this accoustically perfect auditorium. Every door is closed, there is not a movement in the vast audience of two thousand people, eagerly expectant of the first melting note. Today one of Germany's greatest conductors is leading with a rare sympathy that holds each of the one hundred and twenty-nine musicians, including forty violins. The inspired overture alone would have made our visit worth while. The audience is held in spellbound quiet, serious yet thrilled by the majestic performance. The curtain rises. The story of Alberich and the Rhine maidens unfolds. Two and a half hours pass so quickly that we are compelled to remain in our seats a few minutes to come back to earth.

The Bayreuth idea is not to come to the opera tired with the day's work, seeking recreation, but to enjoy the daytime hours as one will. Then, as Wagner said, "When the evening twilight sets in, and the signal for the performance is given, go to the theatre to collect your thoughts. So while vigor is fresh and responsive, the first mystic sounds of the

Wagner's Festspielhaus, Bayreuth

orchestra will tune your mind to that devotional mood, without which no artistic impression is possible."

This, Wagner's idea of 1862, is realized in Bayreuth today. Provision is made in the Festspielhaus gardens for large restaurants. Intermissions are from one half to one hour, between acts, for dining. A genial run for *Plätze;* one finds a deal of choice in much good food and a perfect system for serving and handling big crowds with the efficiency for which this country has long been noted.

Succeeding acts are enjoyed with renewed spirit of mind and body. This first night we walked back down from the Festspielhaus hill through the tree-lined *Allée* to the town. The night was glorious, the moon high in the heavens. We had not recovered our equilibrium—that wonderful orchestra—that marvelous performance—that glorious music—as though we had never heard them many times before—!

No more beautiful or suitable place could have been chosen by Wagner for the production of his operas than this Bavarian town set in the midst of a gently rolling landscape, with its wide, shaded streets and its magnificent palaces and gardens constructed in the eighteenth century by the Margraves of Bavaria who aimed at making their court into a miniature Versailles.

In 1852 Wagner wrote to Liszt, his father-in-law, "Large towns and their public have ceased to exist for me now. I can only imagine my audience as an assembly of my friends, come together to make acquaintance with my work, if possible in some beautiful and secluded place, far from all the town civilization, with its smoke and odour of trade."

Twenty years later he laid the corner stone of the Festival Theatre in Bayreuth. The Royal Opera House, a gem of the Renaissance built in 1748, was the scene of many musical festivals in those olden days, and Wagner thought at first that he might use it for his operas, but he found it was too small. The spacious palaces, however, suggested to him at once that this town was well equipped to handle a multitude of visitors. The so-called Neues Schloss (New Castle) had been built originally simply to accommodate royal and other distinguished guests who came in great numbers to the Bayreuth court. Voltaire had stopped there and Napoleon, who carried off with him the drop curtain of the Old Opera House as a souvenir.

The place was preeminently adapted to an influx of visitors. The name also appealed to Wagner—Bayreuth, "a place wrung from the wilderness." "So," said Wagner on the occasion of the laying of the corner stone of his theatre, "should it be wrung

from the wilderness of prevailing operatic extravagances."

The Bayreuth Idea, which Wagner cherished more than twenty years before it was at last realized after incredible struggle and anxiety, ran exactly counter to the prevailing customs of the theatre and evoked remorseless opposition. He demanded concentration of thought from artist and audience alike, in a period when light opera appealing to ear and eye alone was the vogue. He would not compromise with popular taste in the interest of commercial success. There are, for example, no cuts in the Wagner operas as given at Bayreuth. Today in New York the music-loving public also demands Wagner as originally given; there is not much discomfort in sitting through a five-hour, uncut Wagner performance including intermissions in the great Metropolitan Opera House. The reason Wagner gave for refusing to permit any cuts in his operas was explained early in his career, when he refused to sanction a cut in "Lohengrin" in order to make it easier for the public:

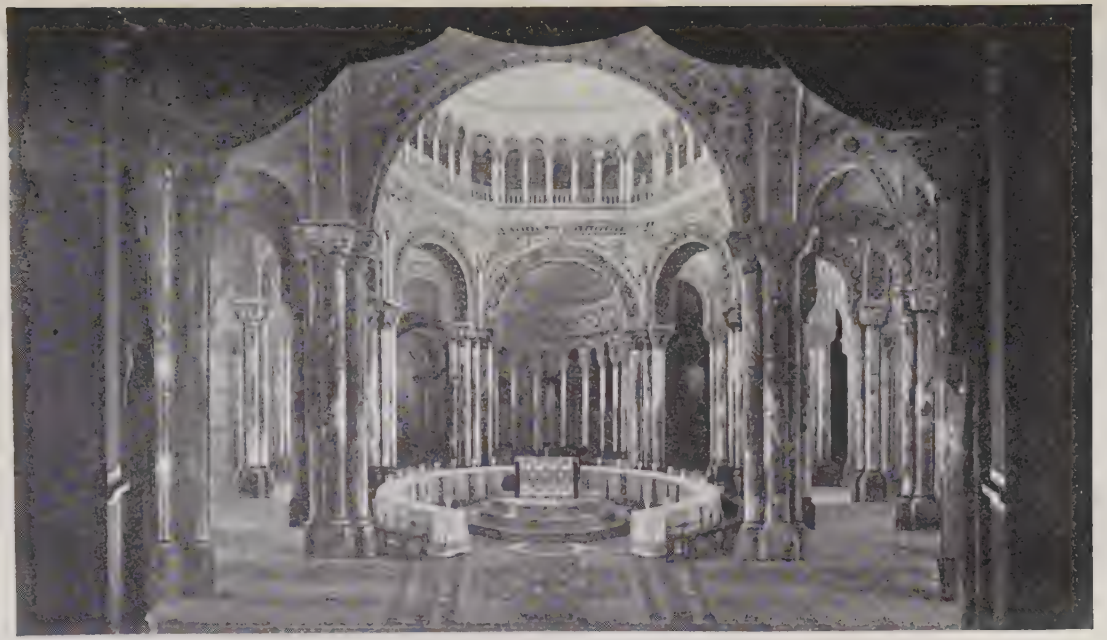
"If you wish really to educate your public," he said, "you must above all things educate it to strength; drive out all the cowardice and indolence from its Philistine body and bring it to seek not diversion but concentration of thought in the theatre. Unless you can educate the public to exercise

strength in its enjoyment of art, your friendly zeal will help neither my works nor my intention. The Athenians sat from noon till night at the performance of their trilogies and they were certainly men."

The spirit of musical devotion follows you throughout your days at Bayreuth, as you drive over the old streets toward the Fantasie, where you stroll through carefully kept lawns and gardens filled with statuary. It was here that Wagner remained during his early days in Bayreuth, and hither that his two thousand friends marched in a torchlight procession to serenade him on the night of 1872 when the corner stone of the Festspielhaus was laid.

Coming back to the town, we hear the bells tolling twelve o'clock o' mid-day. Up on the hill all is quiet. It is the few moments before and during *Mittagessen,* when the "Clan," augmented by the charming wives and families of the participants in the great Festspiel, gather between morning and afternoon rehearsals in the out-of-door restaurant of the Festspielhaus.

Here Siegfried Wagner, in a comfortable and becoming sport suit, and charming Madame, arriving in a motor conducted by Madame Winifred herself, are entertaining at table one of the many interesting and artistic groups from all the musical centres of the world. Conversation centers gen-



The Stage in the Festspielhaus Set for "Parsifal"

erally on details and results of the morning's hard work. Contrary to the general impression, there is a great deal of very intensive work accomplished, results showing in these performances, which enthrall the listener, who will never forget his visit to Bayreuth.

Informality is the keynote of these noon gatherings. There is dispensed from the restaurant simple but delectable fare and excellent beer for the hungry and fatigued Herr Director, conductors, chorus masters, artist singers, and assistants in the departments which combine to make the Bayreuth festival a perfect whole. Guests from overseas, fellow artists, well known music critics and music lovers, invited to participate, appreciate the privilege of lunching under the trees, watching the various groups. Here, listening to an animated discussion between two conductors, is Madame Daniela Thode von Bülow, who is present at all the performances. Her name portends much, for to be born the daughter of Cosima Wagner and Hans von Bülow, a granddaughter of Franz Liszt, and to have lived in the rare musical atmosphere of Richard Wagner as his step-daughter, to be able to help celebrate his fiftieth anniversary festival year, is the rare privilege and heritage of Madame Thode von Bülow.

We see an internationally known musical figure,

who sits in a quiet group sipping his coffee, Herr Dr. Karl Muck. What a commanding personality! Yet so unassuming! We think of Bayreuth's crowning glory, the orchestra playing under that baton, inspired and devout, reflecting attitude and expression of this famous conductor, who, when all is in readiness, the performance about to begin, thanks his Maker for being privileged to live and be able to once again celebrate "Parsifal."

And our Clan disperses. Back to the day's work, until almost time for the performance to begin.

Mornings one may drive to the Eremitage with its palace and fountains reminding one of Sans-Souci. Our old-fashioned *Droschke* took us along the country roads, halting for a few moments at the Rollwenzel Inn, to see the room where Jean Paul Richter used to sit and write—a quaint little place with gables and oak beams and leaded windows overlooking a garden bright with geraniums and golden sunflowers. In the cobbled village of Eremitenhof we found many a quaint, Old-World sight, countryfolk in peasant costumes trundling along with barrows piled with vegetables, fruit or straw. A hen with a brood of fluffy chicks emerged from the stone step of an ancient, timbered house and crossed the road to a doorway on the opposite side, followed by her young, yellow family. You never tire of peering into these back country sights,

which in their very simplicity seem to blend into the music drama that is unfolding every evening before us at the Festspielhaus.

The Eremitage stands in a picturesque park with gardens and fountains. It lies on the slopes of a hill with the curving line of the blue Roter Main sweeping round it on three sides. We wandered down the old arbored avenue to the Sonnen-Tempel, whose walls and plaster are fantastically inlaid with beautifully colored stones and rock crystals. The Oberes Schloss is famous for its fine music room and old portraits of Frederick the Great and his sister, the Margravine Wilhelminie, who sat here giving her memoirs to the world. The Unteres Schloss is crescent-shaped, with stately pillars surrounding playing fountains, like a miniature Versailles.

Lunch in the garden restaurant, bright with a riotous display of climbing roses, blue larkspur and red nasturtiums, and we are in our carriage again, bowling along the roads back to the Post to dress for the opera, beginning today at four.

The orchestra notes float the motive of "Die Walküre" out from the gallery of the Festspielhaus. Into the dimly lighted hall we passed to our seats. The hour of the first act passed quickly away, leaving us melting with the lovers. Just time for a cup of coffee in the gardens and the bugle sounded

again, bidding us return to witness the scenes of Brunnhilde and her sister Valkyries. During the hour's intermission we had time for mental and physical relaxation in the green garden restaurants.

By this time you go to the opera part of the daily program, scarcely wondering what you are going to do when the festival shall be over; this has become part of you. The familiar music is so superbly played; the artists are so sincere in their work, and for the larger part so well fitted into the tradition of Bayreutian performances, that you are finding acts without cuts all too short. Then after the performance you may gather in one of the several taverns, Der Goldener Anker or the Habsburg Café, or the one where the artists gather, The Eule, where in the old days Wagner and his friends were wont to spend a pleasant hour. Here much is as before, an entire room at the back dedicated to Siegfried Wagner, who today is responsible for the continuation of the festivals and the direction of the theatre. To some of these informal gatherings when the artists had strayed in, the entire company repaired to the back of the café, where a piano would usually tempt singing, which was likely to continue until the wee hours reminded one to depart and rest for yet another day at Bayreuth.

One day Villa Wahnfried, where Wagner's as-

The Author's Guest Book Contains a Priceless Page: a Sketch of the Festspielhaus, as It Impressed an Artist, and the Signatures of Herr Siegfried and Frau Winifred Wagner, Leading the List

pirations first found peace, situated at the end of the Richard Wagner-Strasse, claimed the morning hours. It seems more to the Wagner pilgrim than the residence of old Madame Cosima Wagner, her son Siegfried, his wife and family, for in the rear garden lie the mortal remains of the genius who created the "Ring."

Wandering through the beautiful gardens of Wahnfried, we thought of the turbulent days of Wagner's struggles, days that ended in the tranquil atmosphere of this country town, freed at last from the harassing endeavors. We thought of the little boy Richard, born in Leipsic, the youngest of nine children; of how his stepfather, an actor, encouraged his love of music and drama and took the little boy to concerts and plays and rehearsals so that his natural love for the dramatic was fed and grew greater. Of how, after such education, Wagner spent his time writing music and dramas, keeping body and soul together, filling minor positions in the theatre. Of how, all the time, his remorseless eye was condemning the lightness of present-day opera. No one was ready to listen to his music, though he battled and wrote, holding fast to his ideals through the years.

Frau Cosima Wagner, the Master's widow, gradually reaching the century mark, his son Siegfried and his charming wife, Winifred Wagner, who live

in Wahnfried, then devoted themselves to keeping alive the spirit of these Bayreuth festivals, carrying on Wagner's ideals. The gentle old lady, Frau Cosima, before her marriage to Richard Wagner, was the wife of Hans von Bülow, who produced several of Wagner's operas in Munich.

Cosima was named after the heroine in one of George Sand's plays. Her sister, Blandine, later married a French diplomat, a minister at the court of Napoleon the Third. From childhood Cosima had a vivid and colorful life, her father recognizing in her a great talent, which later developed into a striking gift during her years in Paris. The greatest of her music teachers, Hans von Bülow, a very dear friend of Liszt, fell in love with Cosima and they married in 1857. By a coincidence it was Richard Wagner who first sent von Bülow to Liszt. He was then a young lawyer anxious to change his career and develop his decided musical gifts.

Traveling with her husband, Frau von Bülow met Richard Wagner, whose work she had long admired. Dr. von Bülow was producing Wagner's "Tristan and Isolde" in Munich, and in this old city the stage was set for the dramatic onward sweep of events. The young Cosima, still in her twenties, though never a beautiful woman, possessed a great personality, charm and striking intellectuality,

which ripened under the friendship of Wagner, then fifty-one. Soon they fell in love and Dr. von Bülow, with the most magnanimous spirit of understanding, stepped aside and, despite his own heartbreak, annulled his marriage and arranged for his wife and Wagner to wed.

During the thirteen years that followed Frau Cosima played an active part and was the dominant inspiration in helping her husband to produce the great "Ring" dramas. Her genius stands out in the building of the Festspielhaus and Wagner's home, Wahnfried, in Bayreuth. After the Master's death Frau Cosima managed the Bayreuth festivals which immortalized Wagner's memory. They have continued for over fifty years, during which time she was sole directress until old age and illness forced her to hand the reins to her son, Siegfried. Then she spent long days in the sunny top rooms of the Villa Wahnfried. Always dressed in white, her nurses brought her each day to sun herself on the balcony or at a bay window. We like to think that a vision remained to this queenly relict of the great genius, as she looked out over the beautiful rose garden, at the end of which, hidden in trees and surrounded by flowering bushes, is the ivy-covered tomb that marks Wagner's grave. Here in honor of the fiftieth anniversary festival the people of all nations brought their offerings and the tomb was almost

hidden beneath a covering of fragrant flower wreaths. Frau Cosima was a frail and delicate figure, yet a brilliant torch that carried on the enthusiasm of an illustrious life. Her tact and charm did much to smooth over the rough places for her genius husband's feet. So, we did not see Frau Cosima, but we felt her presence in every step and note of the music dramas in Bayreuth.

Entering the commodious, homey-looking residence, you find a series of large and small salons, the first typical of the others; in this are excellent marble replicas of the principal characters of Wagner's operas, as well as one of the Master himself. The library and music room, at the back overlooking the garden, has two grand pianos, velvet-covered; and walls lined with books. Sofas and comfortable chairs make this large room restful and homelike. The place has a welcoming atmosphere. It has been left, so far as possible, the same as when Wagner himself used the huge writing table, now protected by glass, under which are the pad, pen and inkstand which were the Master's own. A special fondness for Italy, Venice in particular, is noted in pictures and furnishings.

Sitting in this comfortable music room we cannot help visualizing the famous musical gatherings which took place here during Wagner's lifetime. Lilli Lehman says of these that "marvellous evenings were spent at Wahnfried. Liszt often played there, Fred-

Villa Wahnfried, Showing the Inscription: Hier wo mein Wahnen Frieden fand Wahnfried sei dieses Haus vor mir benannt

erick Nietzsche also came, as he worshipped Wagner in those youthful days, as a great intellectual force."

Then the famous pianoforte rehearsals in 1875, from el n to one, and five to seven. Every artist who joined was held to a rigorous schedule of rehearsals, although none of them received a cent. This also was a part of the Bayreuth Idea. Author and artist were to give their work and admission was to be free. This last has failed of accomplishment, but the artists who take part in the Bayreuth Festivals do not receive remuneration. For three months they bind themselves, two months and a half for rehearsal, two weeks for the performances. The perfection of their performance is the best witness to the truth of Wagner's contention that the artist should not be hurried from one production to another to meet the taste of a pleasure-seeking public, but should be permitted to concentrate on a single work until he has brought it to the highest possible point of perfection.

Happy voices of four children awake us to the present in this nice old room. Wagner's own grandchildren now hold sway, and are climbing in and out from the terrace through the window. They step all over the satin furniture, like the normal youngsters they are; and they tell us the history of their little lives, while we wait for Herr Siegfried and

Madame. The second child, a little girl, bears a striking resemblance to her illustrious grandfather. The children are called after characters in the operas of their father and their grandfather; little Wolfram in particular is a very handsome boy. Our hosts arrange time so that the newcomer to the house of Wagner may look about and drink in the atmosphere undisturbed.

It has been a herculean task to resume the festivals at Bayreuth, in which the financial assistance of noted Americans has figured generously. We learn something of this from Frau Winifred Wagner, the charming hostess at Wahnfried, who takes us through the rooms, showing us all the souvenirs, including original scores. In this old house of memories and in his own theatre we feel we are drawn closer to the ideal Wagner. Taking leave of Herr Siegfried and Frau Winifred, we stroll into the beautiful rose garden to linger awhile at Wagner's grave, the most sacred part of this green garden. His friend Liszt, Frau Cosima's father, lies buried in the central cemetery, as does the poet, Jean Paul Richter.

I like to think of Wagner, a small intense figure sitting there in the corner of the proscenium, missing no detail of the production, correcting a note here, a gesture there, directing a shift in the scenery, showing perhaps how a whole part should be done.

Never, indeed, were his operas properly seen until they were produced under his personal direction. No one had been able to understand what he was driving at. No one had been able to give the full force of his drama. For the most part the singers of the day had no conception of how to handle it. "Tristan and Isolde" had been declared too difficult to render and was abandoned in Vienna after fifty-four rehearsals. "Tannhäuser" failed in Paris to the accompaniment of hostile demonstrations. Then the Master became his own producer. He started his own school for singers. The first festival production of the "Ring" in 1876 was a revelation and won for Wagner the support of many who had come to Bayreuth to scoff.

A distinguished audience attended this first festival. The Emperors of Germany and Brazil were there, the King of Bavaria, the Grand Dukes of Weimar, Baden and Mecklenburg, Prince Vladimir of Russia, and the Prince of Hesse; musicians of note headed by Franz Liszt, Camille Saint-Saens and Edward Grieg; and critics from all over the world.

The Festspielhaus was built primarily for the production of the "Ring des Nibelungen," but after the first production of the "Ring," twenty years were to elapse before it was given again. Wagner had to sell it, together with the costumes and scenery, to a theatrical agent in Munich, in order to cover the

deficit left by the first festival. For in spite of its artistic success the festival was a financial failure. Wagner had been firm in his determination not to sell admission tickets. Only subscribers were to be admitted. The original idea had been that one thousand individuals or societies should subscribe about $225 each. After two years there were only two hundred subscriptions. The German people did not respond as Wagner had hoped. The Khedive of Egypt was by far the most liberal supporter.

Berlin, London and Chicago had offered support if he would build his theatre there, but the conditions imposed were contrary to the Bayreuth Idea. Two years after the laying of the corner stone, when Wagner was about to abandon the enterprise, King Ludwig II of Bavaria, who had secured Wagner's personal fortunes, sanctioned an advance from his private purse and the building of the Festspielhaus is usually credited to him.

The story of Bayreuth, indeed, is not complete without the story of King Ludwig. At the banquet at the Hotel zur Sonne following the ceremony of the laying of the foundation stone of the Festival Theatre, Wagner proposed a toast to Ludwig with these words: "When I was finally permitted to return to Germany and the official musical institutions did not know what to do with me, the great-hearted voice which penetrated to my soul called to me and

said: 'I will take care that thou, Man of Music, whom I love, whose thoughts I wish to be carried out, shall in future be freed from all material cares.' "

The patronage of King Ludwig was one of the most fortuitous circumstances in Wagner's life. Discouraged by the failure of his operas, he had fled to Switzerland to escape his creditors. Here he was found by a messenger from King Ludwig, who had first been moved by a performance of "Lohengrin" which he had heard as a lad of fifteen. As Wagner wrote to a friend shortly afterward, "A message from the sun-god has come to me; the young King of Bavaria, a young man not yet twenty years of age, has sent for me and resolves to give me all I require in this life, I in return to do nothing but compose and advise him. He urges me strongly to be near him; sends for me sometimes two and even three times in one day; talks with me for hours, and is, as far as I can see, devoted heart and soul to me."

The first summer of this happy association was spent at Starnberg, a charming resort about fifteen miles from Munich, commanding a magnificent view of the Alps. Here Ludwig had a villa and here he also provided a villa for his new friend. It was in Ludwig's castle on the mountainside, looking out upon ranges innumerable of the snow-capped Alps, that Wagner composed and played for King Ludwig.

The king's belief in Wagner and his admiration

for him expressed itself so lavishly that it awoke jealousy on all sides. Wagner's house in Munich, also a gift from the young king, became the mecca of petitioners for the king's favor, a fact not at all pleasing to his ministers. After a year and a half, Wagner was forced to leave Munich, therefore, and he returned to Switzerland, where he continued to compose the music for the "Ring." Premature performances in Munich, given at the command of the young king, were failures, chiefly because it was impossible for Wagner to remain in Munich to give his personal direction to the productions. But his confidence in his work remained unshaken. Two years later he chose Bayreuth for the site of his theatre.

Wagner's confidence and tenacity, his many-sided ability to cope with the most adverse circumstances, is one of the most amazing things about him. The corner stone of the Festspielhaus was laid on his fifty-ninth birthday. There came four years of grilling financial anxiety, during which subscriptions did not come to within a third of what he had set as the amount necessary for the undertaking. Tantalizing offers came, provided he would abandon his ideals. But he would not.

Then, when he was sixty-three, the first festival, followed by a deficit which made it necessary to sell the rights in the very operas for which the

Festspielhaus had been built. Nothing daunted, he wrote "Parsifal," which was produced six years after the "Ring," when Wagner was sixty-nine. This time, to prevent a deficit, the general public was admitted and admission was charged. The result was highly gratifying in every way. Wagner determined to give "Parsifal" every year, together with one of his older operas. Thus "Tristan and Isolde" was given in combination with "Parsifal" and then "Die Meistersinger." With these productions the position of Wagner throughout the world was established, a victory wrested from defeat in the last ten years of his life.

A day is arranged between the last two of the "Ring" operas, "Siegfried" and "Götterdämmerung," when no festival is held. We are off in our carriage for a long drive through rolling countryside with farms that look hardly real, so evenly is the hay stacked, like painted scenery, almost. The peasants are carrying their wares in huge baskets, the farmer doffs his hat with a "*Grüss Gott.*" We pass through serene, undulating green pastures, contented villages, splendid people.

It is Sunday, the last day for the series. We step from the hotel, while the welcoming, curious throng of villagers seems to have grown in numbers. They are standing six and seven deep in rows all along

the way that leads to the Festspielhaus. The police, in front, hold the eager peasants back. Many are garbed in the quaint Bavarian costumes, short black trousers, leather jackets and feathered hats. Again we notice the excited faces of little Bayreuth youngsters, pushed in front by smiling grandpas, to get a good view of the visitors. These country folk touch one by their pride in the renewed musical importance and doings of their city. The gardens, too, have a holiday air. The bugler announces in motif the last of the Ring Operas. A hush falls on two thousand people as the opening bars of the "Götterdämmerung" begin. At the end of this fourth and concluding opera there is tremendous applause, all the more striking since none has been allowed during the foregoing performances. Again and again the curtain is raised and lowered. But tremendous as it is, it is still inadequate to express what these artists have given us here in Bayreuth.

It is over fifty years since the first festival performances at this Bavarian town. It is to be hoped that these will not again be interrupted, so that future music lovers may always have a like experience, in the quaint city of Bayreuth with its commanding Festspielhaus on the hill.

We picture the green countryside and the peasant children wandering in from little villages to take

A Plain Marble Slab, without Inscription, Covers Wagner's Grave in the Garden at Villa Wahnfried

a look at carriages, autos and crowds of visitors. Along the dusty roads the Goose Girl commands her flock on nature's own stage, a sweetly soothing picture of undulating hills. There are always flocks of geese cackling along these roads, sometimes gathering round a little pond or stream, usually guarded by a boy or girl with a long, pronged stick. We pass little cottages, where during cold wintry blasts windows are thrown open that tiny letters, strung out in this fairy region for passing angels, may carry a Bavarian child's Christmas message to St. Nicholas. One little girl, we know, asked for a doll, a chair for her dolly and plenty of soft, white snow to cover her picturesque hills. All her wishes were granted, for besides being one of the world's greatest music centres, this corner of Bavaria is a spot where dreams come true.

And so we are dreaming, thinking of Venice, the Grand Canal, the fairy palaces beside placid waters, that lap their music against the old walls of the Palazzo Vendramin-Calergi. A gondolier along the canal slowly guides his gondola toward this beautiful palace, set back from the water, with blooming rose gardens on either side. Under a rose-covered arch is the plaque with its relief bust of Wagner and inscription telling that here in Venice the spirit of this great master genius at last found eternal peace in the Spring of 1883.

As the Spring of 1930 burst upon us, a great figure in music withdrew from this physical realm. After ninety-three years the long, brilliant life of Frau Cosima at last flickered out. In a flash the message of the death of this wonderful old lady circled the world.

Our thoughts were in the still music room of the Villa Wahnfried where Frau Cosima Wagner lay under a cloak of white roses, with a picture of the Master placed even above the roses. A choir of women's voices breathed harmony through this room of musical memories. Again the crowds of Bayreuth surged into the streets to watch a procession of measured tread through the Richard Wagner-Strasse. A cross of yellow roses was carried in front of the slow-moving cortege. Some of the burghers remembered many years back the glory of Bayreuth wrought through this great personality.

After almost fifty years Frau Cosima had followed her husband; and visitors to the Villa Wahnfried hereafter will find her resting beside Wagner's grave, finally at peace in the quiet of this sweet, sacred garden. Reverently, in honor of her passing, Germany broadcast throughout the length and breadth of the land selections from her inspired husband's works, "Siegfried's Funeral March" and the impressive entry of the gods into Valhalla—a fitting close indeed to a vital career.

The orchestras of the world followed; the sounds of great cities were hushed to catch the whisper of Brunnhilde's greeting in the sublime, human understanding of the "Funeral March." In New York City Arturo Toscanini led the Philharmonic Symphony Orchestra in an eloquent interpretation of Wagner's great elegy, "Siegfried's Funeral March," carrying his listeners along under the spell of Wagner's sublime music, through the mystery of death to the light beyond; for to the hearers even this great experience of human life seemed overshadowed by the power of an immortal genius.

A life-long spiritual desire of the great Toscanini has been to conduct Wagner opera in Bayreuth. He came to the Festspiel of 1930 impregnated with worshipful admiration for the genius of Wagner. The presence of Arturo Toscanini was of supreme importance in helping to continue the artistic and lasting success of the Wagner festival. No effort was spared to make the 1930 production a most outstanding success. Sincerely did Siegfried Wagner work toward the ultimate end and it was due to his untiring efforts that the great Italian master was brought to the Wagner shrine.

Wagner operas in entirety and excerpts from "Tristan" *et cetera,* under the unfailingly brilliant baton of the Maestro from Milan had prepared a musical world for exceptionally inspired readings.

During the month of rehearsals prior to the Festspiel, the orchestra gave of its best. Through his own genius Toscanini drew the very soul from artists and musicians.

Music lovers of the world turned their hopes toward Bayreuth with deeper interest and greater enthusiasm, knowing that the great Toscanini had joined that exceptional and distinguished host who have conducted in Bayreuth. Prominent people from every field of art, patrons of music who have devoted their lives and fortunes to the cause, came, filled with buoyant expectancy. The always unusual Festspiel social life gained this year added brilliance and prestige, due to the presence of our gifted Italian Maestro. The notable list of visitors read like a who's who of the world's important art lovers.

Anxiously awaiting the opening of the festivals of 1930 were thousands, many arriving betimes for final rehearsals. These were strenuous days, taxing Herr Siegfried Wagner to the utmost. Four days prior to the date set for the opening, he collapsed, exhausted, while conducting "Götterdämmerung." Frau Winifred hurried into her motor to summon aid. All the world knows the plucky story of this splendid helpmate.

At the express desire of Herr Siegfried, desperately ill, the festival went on uninterrupted. It fell

to a German conductor to carry on in double duty the performance of the "Ring." If it were possible, there was greater zeal and enthusiasm on the part of artist and public during this trying time. All did their utmost to aid the sick man and his family.

To Siegfried Wagner death came on August third. A sorrowing world felt a glow of pride that this son of Richard and Cosima Wagner had died at his post. Pallbearers including great conductors, great singers and great artists walked to the famous cemetery in Bayreuth. Siegfried Wagner lies near his illustrious grandfather Franz Liszt, whose beautiful memorial he had designed.

During this period Toscanini was carrying enraptured audiences further toward the understanding of Wagner's genius. No one privileged to hear the 1930 performances of "Tristan and Isolde" will ever forget them. And the future? We hope Arturo Toscanini will continue coming to Bayreuth!

The memory of Wagner lives forever in the heart of music lovers the world over. In this picturesque town of Beyreuth it is enshrined in personal memories that bring his genius nearer and nearer to the appreciation of every pilgrim drawn here by the great Wagner festivals.

Through this bustling modern age the music of Wagner leaves mankind free to climb into the realm

of unfettered human inspiration; his music is
key placed in every hand. One inspired young
tener with heart and mind poetically sings w
Wagnerites and pilgrims to Bayreuth feel.

"Out of the heart's long silences,
Out of the words we dare not speak,
Ring the far-sounding cadences
Shaping what dreams we seek.

"Out of a sleep foredoomed to waking,
Out of a language never taught—
Wave upon wave of music breaking
Over the shore of thought.

"Out of the blood's eternal prison,
Out of each cell, concealed, remote,
A monument of sound has risen,
Note upon crystal note.

"Out of the quiet of all things,
Out of our life's brief, restless fever,
The miracle of music springs
Forever and forever."

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